HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIV.—No. 700.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

The energy with which in recent times men have sought to master the problem of deep-sea sounding and deep-sea dredging is, perhaps, one of the most striking instances ever afforded of the charm which the unknown possesses for mankind. Not long ago, one of the most eminent geographers of the sea spoke regretfully about the small knowledge men have obtained of the depths of ocean. "Greater difficulties," he remarked, "than any presented by the problem of deep-sea research have been overcome in other branches of physical inquiry. Astronomers have measured the volumes and weighed the masses of the most distant planets, and increased thereby the stock of human knowledge. Is it creditable to the age that the depths of the sea should remain in the category of unsolved problems? that its 'ooze and bottom should be a sealed volume, rich with ancient and eloquent legends, and suggestive of many an instructive lesson that might be useful and profitable to man?"

Since that time, however, deep-sea dredging has gradually become more and more thoroughly understood and mastered. Seas so deep that many of the loftiest summits of the Alps might be completely buried beneath them have been explored. Dredges weighing, with their load of mud, nearly half a ton have been hauled up without a hitch from depths of some 14,000 feet. But not merely has comparatively rough work of this sort been achieved, but by a variety of ingenious contrivances men of science have been able to measure the temperature of the sea at depths where the pressure is so enormous as to be equivalent to a weight of more than 430 tons on every square foot of surface.

No light can be supposed to penetrate the enormous depths just spoken of. Therefore, how certainly we might conclude that there can be no life there! If, instead of dealing with the habitability of planets, Whewell, in his "Plurality of Worlds," had been considering the question whether at depths of two or three miles living creatures could subsist, how convincingly would he have proved the absurdity of such a supposition! Intense cold, perfect darkness, and a per-

IN THE PASTURE.—[From a Painting by R. Ansdell, A.R.A.]

sistent pressure of two or three tons to the square inch—such, he might have argued, are the conditions under which life exists, if at all, in those dismal depths. Even if we were disposed to concede the bare possibility that life of some sort may be found there, then certainly some new sense must replace sight—the creatures in these depths can assuredly have no eyes, or only rudimentary ones.

But the recent deep-sea dredgings have proved that not only does life exist in the very deepest parts of the Atlantic, but that the creatures which live and move and have their being beneath the three-mile mountain of water have eyes which the ablest naturalists pronounce to be perfectly developed. Light, then, of some sort must exist in those abysms, though whether the home of the deep-sea animals be phosphorescent, as Sir Charles Lyell suggests, or how light may reach these creatures, we have no present means of determining.

Even more interesting to many are the results which have been obtained respecting the varying temperatures of deep-sea regions. It has been found that the depths of the equatorial and tropical seas are colder than those of the North Atlantic. In the tropics the deep-sea temperature is considerably below the freezing-point of fresh water, in the deepest part of the Bay of Biscay the temperature is several degrees above the freezing-point. Thus one learns that the greater part of the water which lies deep below the surface of the equatorial and tropical seas comes from the antartic regions, though undoubtedly there are certain relatively narrow currents which carry the waters of the arctic seas to the tropics.

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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

☞ *Our readers will find in this Number of the* WEEKLY *the opening chapters of a very interesting account of* BAKER'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA, *superbly Illustrated from his own sketches. This will be followed by similar narratives of* TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

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PARAGUAY AND ITS DICTATORS.

GENERAL M'MAHON, late United States Minister in Paraguay, writes us a note courteously controverting some statements made by us in a recent article upon LOPEZ. The substance of the view taken by us has always been that the government of LOPEZ was the most absolute despotism, and that nothing was more preposterous than the appeal to the republican sympathies of this country in its favor. In the particular article to which the General refers we spoke of slavery as existing in Paraguay as in Brazil, and of the elder LOPEZ as the nephew and immediate successor of Dr. FRANCIA. General M'MAHON states that slavery was abolished in Paraguay twenty-five years ago, and that the elder LOPEZ was neither the nephew nor the immediate successor of FRANCIA, who was succeeded by a consulate of two members. The relationship is of no importance. If the elder LOPEZ were not the nephew of FRANCIA, he was popularly believed to be so upon the Plate River. As for the other points, let us see.

The ecclesiastical absolutism of the Jesuits in Paraguay prepared the country for political despotism. Dr. FRANCIA caused himself to be named Dictator for life in 1817. His rule was relentless. Those who opposed it were shot. He closed the country to the world, imprisoned foreigners, and put to death those of his subjects whom he found endeavoring to escape. He died in 1840. His successors were the elder LOPEZ and another person as Consuls. But LOPEZ very soon disembarrassed himself of his colleague, and made himself "President." After FRANCIA'S death the will of LOPEZ, whether as Consul or as "President," was supreme, and we therefore call him, and properly, FRANCIA'S immediate successor. He also continued FRANCIA'S policy. The seventh article of the Constitution which LOPEZ wrote made the authority of the President unlimited whenever he chose to think it necessary, and without responsibility of any kind. The Congress was to meet once in every five years. Its sessions lasted usually five days, and were devoted to ratifying the acts of the Dictator. The Presidential term was ten years, but this was a feint merely, and in 1844 the Congress made the elder LOPEZ perpetual Dictator. In 1856 it authorized him to designate his successor by secret will. The Dictator had unrestricted control over the post, the roads, the education of the people, the finances, and the police, and he was the exclusive judge of all political offenses and of the most important legal cases. Two-thirds of the landed estate belonged to the government, that is, to the Dictator, and he was the sole merchant. Guarantees of liberty were wholly unknown. There was no freedom of the press, of assembly, of worship. There was no freedom whatever. LOPEZ ruled as absolutely as the Jesuits and FRANCIA before him, and he left the country by will to his son, the late Dictator.

This was the "republic," as it is called, in which General M'MAHON says that slavery was abolished more than twenty-five years ago. But M. SARMIENTO, the President of the Argentine Republic, the ablest and best informed of South American statesmen, under whose administration, inspired by the spirit of our own institutions, his country is the most progressive and hopeful of South American states, says that slavery existed in Paraguay precisely as it did in Brazil. The Count D'Eu, the Brazilian General, wrote to the present Provisional Government of Paraguay, soliciting the abolition of slavery, and it was decreed. In 1852, within the General's twenty-five years, the elder LOPEZ, in a decree concerning the revenue from stamped paper, ordained that the "sale of slaves should be authorized (or licensed) under the stamp No. 4." If there were a decree in Paraguay abolishing slavery, it was not known to M. SARMIENTO, nor to the Count D'Eu, and it was disregarded by the elder LOPEZ, which, of course, would not be surprising. If General M'MAHON will refer us to the document, we will certainly own that in company with those who may be presumed to know the facts, we were in error.

Yet even in that case the decree would be but a form, and the emancipation only technical. Under such a government as we have described, a system of terror and superstition, the whole Indian population—and others were practically excluded, except for the purposes of the Dictator—was virtually enslaved. The proclamation of the Provisional Government is a sufficient indication of the system which it supplants. It abolishes in terms the decree which takes from the courts the supervision of political offenses, and also abolishes the laws of confiscation and of torture. It provides that punishment shall be inflicted upon the offender only, and that no kind of industry or trade shall be prohibited. By the treaty of alliance, into which the Argentine Republic entered with Brazil only after LOPEZ had invaded its territory and captured two men-of-war, it was stipulated that as the war was waged, not against the people of Paraguay, but against the Dictator, the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of the republic should be respected. There is as yet no disposition to disregard this understanding. The character of the Emperor of Brazil and the President of the Argentine Republic forbids the suspicion of duplicity.

Of a population of Guarani Indians, who have been for two centuries crushed by an unparalleled despotism begun by the Jesuits, and remorselessly continued by FRANCIA and the elder and younger LOPEZ, little is to be hoped. But by the overthrow of the Dictator the country will now be opened to the world. Further discussion as to the character and conduct of the younger LOPEZ is unnecessary. On the 27th of December, 1868, his campaigning desk, full of official documents, was captured by the allies. It appears from these papers that between July and December of that year five hundred and fifty-eight persons were put to death by the order of LOPEZ. The details of torture inflicted by his order and duly reported to him are revolting. It is very hard to understand how a citizen of the United States can speak the late Despotism in Paraguay as "a republic," or of a man who received Paraguay by will from his father, who continued the policy of FRANCIA and his successor, which we have described, and the official proof of whose conduct was found in his desk, as General M'MAHON does when he calls LOPEZ "a wounded hero whose noble constancy was the adoration of the world."

THE LATE TRIAL AND TRAGEDY.

THE verdict in the M'FARLAND case was rendered after our last issue went to press. No trial in the country has ever excited more interest or warmth of feeling; none has ever been more bitterly discussed. During its progress we ventured to point out the reckless spirit of the course adopted by the defense, and to remind our readers that if there was a man on trial for his life, there was also a woman on trial for something much more precious than life. In the present state of public opinion the result of the trial itself was a foregone conclusion. The verdict was in strict accordance with the extraordinary concluding sentence of the plea of the prisoner's counsel, "that jealousy is the rage of a man, and that he will not, can not, must not spare in the day of his vengeance." It is remarkable that an advocate who showed in his argument such familiarity with certain passages in the Bible should have betrayed total forgetfulness of one memorable text: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The trial before the jury being ended, that before the public has been continued. Since the case in court was closed the affidavits of Mr. COLFAX and others in relation to the divorce, and a letter of Mr. RICHARDSON'S, to be opened after his death, have been printed. The statement of the unhappy lady who has been so tragically conspicuous in the case has also been published; and to counteract its possible effect Mr. M'FARLAND has printed some of her letters to him. It is not likely that any material facts can now be added to the case; and in very many aspects it deserves attention.

In the first place the conduct of the defense was inexcusable, and the Court itself deserves the severest censure for permitting the counsel such latitude of assertion and such treatment of the witnesses. It is astonishing, since the Court was so utterly unmindful of its duty, that some of the witnesses did not appeal to it for protection from the insults and insinuations of the counsel. In the second place, the charge of conspiracy which was the theory of the defense, and in support of which Mr. SPENCER publicly and most foully maligned a woman "of the personal purity of whose character," he simultaneously declared, "he had not the shadow of a doubt," was practically abandoned before the evidence began. The defense, in the very outset, acknowledged by its own organ that for the purposes of the case it denounced a woman of irreproachable purity as a pander and procuress. This was the end of the conspiracy theory; but it was an indication of the spirit and manner in which the defense was to be conducted.

In the third place, the theory of insanity which was sought to be established by the testimony of experts was also, as we showed at the time, virtually relinquished by the opening of the defense, and entirely contemned at its close. In opening, the counsel said that, under the same circumstances, he would do the same thing. In closing, the counsel said that he trusted the verdict would teach those who dishonored the husband that they would be left by society to his vengeance. The defense evidently did not believe the plea of insanity, and there is probably no reader of the trial who supposes that Mr. M'FARLAND was insane in any other sense than all men are insane whose passions are violently excited. The verdict, therefore, really is that, when one man kills another, if it be shown that he had reason to be violently excited, he shall not be punished. Practically, however, the principle is modified by requiring proof that the violent excitement proceeds from an injury to the honor of a husband—an honor which, in our judgment, can be stained only by the conduct of the husband himself.

There appears, further, to be no serious doubt expressed by the press or in private conversation that the statement of the unhappy lady who is most deeply concerned in the tragedy is substantially accurate; and a more pitiful tale was never told. Her letters which have been printed to break the effect of her statement by showing that she wrote affectionately to her husband at the time that she says that her feelings were estranged from him, are generally of an earlier date than that which she ascribes to her estrangement. But one of the printed letters is dated in 1868, long after all intercourse between the husband and wife had ceased; a fact which shows at least a certain unscrupulousness in dealing with the correspondence. Moreover, the tone of a wife's letters who both fears her husband and who has a deep sense of wifely duty, can not be accepted as a faithful index of real feeling. We have also seen no disposition to doubt the substantial truthfulness of the statement made by Mr. RICHARDSON in the letter to his friend Mr. BROWNE, written in view of his possible assassination; and we are very sure that there is no general belief that it is the letter of an adulterer, nor of an evil-minded man.

Mr. RICHARDSON acknowledges that his precipitate declaration was very wrong, and undoubtedly the lady sees now that, however estranged she may have been, she should have remembered that she was legally a wife, and therefore should have peremptorily forbidden any overtures of love until the legal relation had been fully dissolved. But the lady's explanation of her own conduct and feelings will be at least most charitably and, therefore, truly construed by those who reflect upon the cruel and bewildering position in which she was placed, and by all who understand how inconsistent and fallible and unsatisfactory the conduct of all of us is when judged by the severe standard of cool subsequent reflection. It was a great mistake also that the divorce was not openly sought. If, as she believed, and as those must believe who accept her statement, she had just reason to separate from her husband, and sufficient proof under the laws of Indiana to secure a divorce, the husband should have been summoned to the trial. It is plain enough now that if he had been present and the divorce had been granted, and the shooting had followed, public feeling and the result of the late trial would have been different. But that she believed herself to be legally divorced, that Mr. FROTHINGHAM and Mr. BEECHER were so informed, and that they did not feel at liberty under the solemn circumstances to disregard the wishes of two persons whom they believed to be legally free to be married, will not be questioned by any one who knows them and who has carefully considered the facts.

One other point in this sad case should occasion very serious public reflection. Whatever may be thought of the statement of the unhappy wife, which few, as we believe, doubt, we all know that such a statement might be true. And if, in any case, it were literally true, should we not agree that the wife was justified in seeking a legal release from her husband, and that neither her duty to God nor to her children nor to society required that she should remain his helpless and hopeless victim? But if this be so, ought she to be forced to leave the State in order to be legally and honorably free? It is by reflection and experience that the laws are improved; and nothing has happened for many years that should turn public attention more thoughtfully than this case to the question whether the divorce laws require modification. It is said that thousands of wives suffer as much, and say and do nothing about it. But is the public welfare more promoted by their silence than it would it be by their lawful relief? The fear that reasonable divorce laws would encourage what is called "free love" is the result of the same ignorance which told Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY that reasonable penalties for stealing would encourage theft. This trial should show that this is a subject not to be avoided. Whoever is afraid to deal with the most delicate questions in the light of common-sense and experience is as incompetent for a public critic as for a statesman. Every effort will be made by all good citizens to deepen the sanctity of marriage. But it can not be deepened by requiring submission to outrages that imperil life and revolt affection itself; nor by justifying assassination by all the forms of law.

REMEDY FOR THE ACCUMULATION OF NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

THERE is a general complaint on the part of the banks in this city that there is an unusual plethora of national bank notes, for which they have no use. Some of them have an excess of gold and a surplus of legal tenders, and complain of inability to make advantageous loans of either. The abundance of money here is due, unfortunately, to depression in business and industry—produced artificially in the face of abundant crops—and also to the defects of the national banking system.

The National Currency act provides, section 32, "that every association formed or existing under the provisions of this act shall take and receive at par, for any debt or liability to said association, any and all notes or bills issued by any association existing under and by virtue of this act." As there is no power to refuse these bills, and no means provided for adequately assorting and redeeming them, their accumulation in New York, at certain periods and in inconvenient amounts, results.

Each of the banks of St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, Leavenworth, San Francisco, Washington city, Charleston, and Richmond may keep "one-half of its lawful money reserve in cash deposits in the city of New York," at an association selected subject to the approval of the Controller of the Currency, at which it "must redeem its circulating notes at par." The banks not organized within the cities named above are also bound to select, under the approval of such Controller, one of the banks of those cities, "at which it will redeem its circulating notes at par." Under this provision, the nearest bank to the outside banks was undoubtedly selected by the latter. The Controller has given appropriate notice to all the banks of the Union of each place of redemption, but the system fails to accomplish the object intended.

If the banks of the city were all equally sound, their interests would be one, and they would unite voluntarily to establish an agency for assorting and presenting those notes; but their interests are as various as the respective circumstances of their condition. The weak banks want money plenty whatever may be its character, and will not unite in measures that may produce stringency. The duty of assorting and presenting such notes needs therefore to be prescribed by act of Congress, which should provide some bureau in New York to attend promptly to the business.

The system will always be characterized by defects, because it is intrinsically bad. There will never be satisfaction until we go back to a specie basis, but judicious amendments may be made greatly to the improvement of the act. There are limits, however, to what may be done. Great stress is laid upon the objection that our currency is not elastic, as if the requisite elasticity can be obtained in an unnatural system. It is one of the defects and, at times, one of the merits of the present scheme that the currency is a fixed quantity. We have sometimes a plethora of money as a consequence of it, especially after the quantity sent out to move the crops is returned to the sea-board; but there is this compensation for it, that when the season of scarcity exists from shifting the currency to the West, no device of speculators can produce a panic. The quantity being fixed, and having no exportable character such as be-

long to the precious metals, it is returned to the East as soon as there is an earnest demand, and panics are always prevented. It may be affirmed of the present system that a serious panic is an impossibility except in the contingency of the destruction of the credit of the banks—a contingency too remote to excite present attention. The currency is probably as good as one that is inconvertible can be, with the single exception that the original plan for its redemption fails to accomplish the object. The fact that an effort was made in this direction, in the first instance, by Congress, may be regarded as an admission that the feature is essential. Its failure in this respect is an admitted and great defect, and ought immediately to be remedied. Banks in the interior, not obliged to redeem here, count upon the accumulation of their bills in New York at certain seasons, and upon the failure to have them presented for redemption, and it amounts to a positive encouragement to unsound banking and speculation. The act itself may be said to contain the means of the ultimate destruction of the system. Banks, both strong and weak, ought to urge that this feature shall be eliminated from it, in order to promote the general safety. It will be a step in the direction of specie payments, and it will enhance the credit of the currency and of the government. Until it is done, the country will be exposed to all the vicissitudes of change. For the last eight months, notwithstanding that our crops were abundant, and that all the usual conditions for an active season existed, our trade and industry have been unremunerative and unsatisfactory. Is it the interest of the weak banks that this shall happen at another season? Can any compensation for it be found in the advantage of a redundant circulation? There can be no compensation for it whatever. The suffering which the country has lately endured reached every interest with great severity, and it will take years to repair the loss. It could never have happened if an efficient plan of redemption had prevailed.

Last year, just as we were about to export our crops of cotton, grain, and other productions, all of which had been produced at high currency prices—high because the quantity of money, from want of redemption, was excessive—the Erie clique of gamblers struck the country a severe blow. They had counted upon a continuation of the Treasury policy of accumulating gold. But such was the distress occasioned by their operations that the Government offered four millions for sale. One of the conspirators testified that he could more easily handle forty millions of Clearing-House gold than four millions of real gold. The power of the Treasury was instantly conceded by Wall Street, and, for the first time, was known at Washington; and, from that day to this, it has been exerted to put down the price of gold, with a view to prepare for funding the debt at a low rate of interest. It was deemed necessary to show that our bonds were above par, measured by gold.

In this process the prices of all our productions have been lowered in nearly exact conformity with the fall in gold. When it reached $10\frac{7}{8}$ and rebounded to 15 trade revived, and it is now very generally conceded that its activity or depression coincides with the changes in this medium in its relation to our paper system. If the rapid fall in gold had been due to the contraction of the currency, it would have been permanent and useful; but that it is artificial may be known from the accumulation in all the creditor banks of vast bundles of national bank notes, which are regarded with great concern, although the apparent difference between these piles of paper and gold is indicated by only 15 per cent. premium on the latter.

If the prosperity which existed when the raid took place still prevailed, these notes would be in tolerably active circulation; but the policy pursued from that time to this has been such that our whole industry is enormously diminished, and the circulation—too large for the business of last year—is infinitely too large for it in its diminished proportions. Now is the time for an act which shall provide for assorting and redeeming these bills, and giving partial health to our circulating medium.

AN "INSPIRED" MEETING.

The difficulty with the St. Domingo meeting in New York, as an "expression of popular sentiment," was that the meeting was "inspired" from Washington. It was not an expression of popular sentiment, but of the wishes of the Administration. The arguments were two: Mr. Fitch's, that to oppose the annexation is to be an old fogy; and General Banks's, that "the key-points of the continent are in foreign hands." If every thing new were therefore true, Mr. Fitch's argument would be sound. But it is only the new with a good reason that can expect to be immediately received. General Banks said that the strength of the rebellion was sustained by the neighboring islands under British rule, which were a base for privateering. They were, undoubtedly, of great value to the rebellion. But the General should have shown us that the advantage of owning the islands, in case of another rebellion, is greater than the disadvantage of immediately annexing civil war, ignorance, superstition, debt, and an alien tropical people to our population. This he did not do. If we want a coaling station in the West Indies, why did we treat the St. Thomas treaty so contemptuously? And if we are to absorb every island that may ask to be annexed, General Banks tells us that there are eight hundred of them in the Gulf. Moreover, if we do not wish any European power to acquire more islands, we can say so in a tone that will be heeded.

Our last feat of annexation was Alaska. We paid several millions of dollars for it. Can any body mention any reason whatever for the transaction, except the vague desire of increasing our territory? Except for that feeling there would be no possibility of the ratification of the St. Domingo bargain. Indefinite extension is not indefinite increase of power or prosperity. If we buy St. Domingo, General Banks says that we need not take any other island. But here is Cuba fighting with Spain, with the hope of union with us; and the argument for acquiring St. Domingo is infinitely stronger for acquiring Cuba. Moreover, Mr. Fitch, in following him, immediately said that to get St. Domingo was to get all the rest. The General says that when our war began, Europe was ready to proceed to carve this continent into portions for its own advantage. What does the General suppose that Europe thinks of the success of the French carving in Mexico? And does he really suppose that Europe will ever again, and especially after the result of the late unpleasantness, acquire any increased political power in America?

The politics of the world have changed. Foreign conquest is out of fashion. Colonies are no longer desirable dependencies. The modern principle of local self-government is so generally accepted that the old systems necessarily disappear. The hold of Spain upon Cuba is unquestionably relaxed, whatever the issue of the revolution. England would doubtless gladly see Canada independent, and would not fight very desperately to retain Nassau and St. Kitts. There was never a time when we had so little reason to fear European aggression upon this continent. It is more than ever a remote contingency; and we entreat General Banks to be comforted. Let him, moreover, consider that, in case of another rebellion, an island commanded, peradventure, by a Twiggs, would not be a useful island to the government; and in a foreign war a colony is but a weakness to the European owner. The St. Domingo bargain is a mistake, and we hope that it will not be ratified.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

By JOHN JONES, A.M.

I see that my fellow-artists who are not yet successful have a crumb of comfort thrown them by Mr. Disraeli, in his new novel. Mr. Phœbus, at a private view of one of his masterpieces, says: "To-morrow the critics will commence. You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature or art." That is worthy of Vivian Grey, in his most coxcombical mood. Poor England! Happily, we manage things differently in this country. Here our most successful artists criticise the Exhibition in the newspapers. And who does not know that if they did as I do, and signed their articles with their names, nobody, however severely treated by them, would ever think of saying that they were fellows who had failed in every thing else, and so took to barking at their betters. The other day I heard a poet say, in the hearing of another, that most poetry nowadays was poor stuff. Presently the other came to me and said: "Do you suppose that that donkey meant to say that *my* poetry was poor stuff? By George! I never saw any of *his* that wasn't wretched twaddle." That is a kind of remark which you never hear among artists. If I, for instance, say that Smith's things are inexpressibly bad, when Smith hears of it he sweetly replies that Jones certainly ought to know what bad things are.

It is indeed for that reason that I have allowed myself to be persuaded to write these little notices. The painters know that I and my fellow-artists who write anonymously in the other papers understand our subject. They see, for instance, that when I praise Mr. Nast's picture, and my fellow-artist in the *World* pronounces it execrable, we are undoubtedly both correct. And it is this consciousness which makes our remarks so pleasant and so valuable. That reminds me that when I spoke of the "March of the Seventh" as a war picture I was describing its effect upon me, remembering the scene. As a picture it is not so good as Mr. Julien Scott's "Rear-Guard at White Oak Swamp," which is admirably done. It is full of force and spirit. The veteran in the centre is worthy of Horace Vernet, and the whole picture presents an unconscious real scene, and not a *tableau vivant*. But they are sad pictures, these of the war, to us who are so near it. I have seen women in the gallery looking for a moment at this one, and then hurrying by as if it struck them with a bitter pang. In that figure falling with the arms thrown up, or in the sinking soldier in the fore-ground, they saw some darling of their own.

Near by is Page's portrait of Governor Fenton. It is remorselessly true. The very posture, the exact totality of impression which the original produces, are here. The picture is worked out with characteristic care and conscience. There is no shirking in it, no smearing, no short cuts toward an effect. The drawing is masterly, the color pure, the handling vigorous and firm. The younger gentlemen of the profession who incline to portraiture should study this work and other portraits by Page with the utmost care. And they must remember, as they will in looking at "A Family Group," by Mr. Huntington, that the portrait-painter does not choose his subject, nor always the details and accessories of his work. A gentleman, for instance, wishes to have a portrait of his family, and he wishes, also, to associate with them some familiar scene. My friend Alderman Eagle recently returned from his European travels with an enormous canvas, upon which was depicted his esteemed family as they appeared upon the top of the column in the Place Vendome, Paris. That was his preference, and the painter, of course, complied. A lawyer likes to be represented in a library leaning upon "Blackstone," with "Chitty" under one arm, and his own treatise upon the law of bailments lying open upon the table.

In like manner my own portrait shows me in my robes as a National Academician, with my pallet and brushes in my hand. So a lady, as you may see in many instances upon these gallery walls, has her preference of a dress and a scarf.

I think that I heard somebody complain of Huntington's "Family Group," that it was "worldly." But I am sure that it was the satin and velvet and muslin and the general fête champêtre air of the scene which gave this impression. On the other hand, fancy how pleasant and quaint these costumes of to-day will be to the great-grandchildren of other centuries who see their comely young ancestors in this group! "Were these their garden dresses?" some of that posterity will artlessly inquire; but the more thoughtful part will reply that in summer afternoons ladies have been known to step from the drawing-room to the terrace in the most careful toilets. The difficulty with these gentle ancestors is that they are a little too much "composed." They have the air of expecting the curtain to rise and discover them properly adjusted for admiration.

In the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Anderson, our President, Gray, seems to me at his best. I have seen no portrait of his which was so simple and strong; and his "Normandy Girl," a little further on, is exceedingly picturesque and agreeable. A less familiar name in our exhibition is Joseph Ames, whose "Portrait of a Young Lady" is very striking. It is a free, flowing, effective work—in many parts most delicately and admirably done. Somebody near me, one day, said that it was "sketchy," and "Frenchy," and that the color was not pure. I should have supposed, except for what I have already said, that the critic might be a portrait-painter himself, whose works had not happened to excite so much interest as this of Mr. Ames's. But that supposition is, of course, incredible. "Frenchy" does not seem to be a very opprobrious epithet, as applied to painting; for France is the country in which, for some years, there has been the most interest, activity, and zeal in the art. The word, as used, means, probably, meretricious. But that can not be truly said of this portrait. Perhaps if somebody should say that it was not quite refined enough in sentiment, he would come very near the truth. But this portrait, with one of a gentleman—No. 318—has an ease and vigor of handling which are admirable, and which should inspire our timid friends with confidence.

There is another portrait of a lady, No. 377, by R. M. Staigg, which is very delightful. It has a picturesque suggestion of Sir Peter Lely, and of the beauties of Charles II.'s time. But that is a superficial impression, which disappears when the face is seen, and the essential maidenliness of the subject makes itself felt. It is very delicate, but forcible; and I am more than ever surprised as I study it that an artist who gave so much time to miniature should treat a portrait in so large a style. I must stop here, for the present; and I am not at all disposed to withdraw my assertion that this exhibition, without any single work very superior to all the others, is in general excellence one of the very best in our annals.

NOTES.

Mr. Charles Reade is one of the English authors whose names are most familiar to American readers, and whom they most kindly regard for the great pleasure he has given them. We know that Mr. Reade feels deeply the warm reception which his works meet in the United States, and some time since, it will be remembered, he sent a small sum for the relief of two poor fellows injured in a theatre during the performance of his drama, "Foul Play." Wishing to do what he can to acknowledge the good feeling always shown him in this country, he offers his new drama, "Put Yourself in His Place," for representation in New York before its production in London. The drama being unpublished, he is, of course, prepared to defend his rights according to common-law. But he naturally and earnestly hopes that the friendly feeling which already exists will be an adequate protection; and that any manager desirous of producing the play, upon which he has spared no pains, will apply for that purpose to Mr. Booth or Mr. J. S. Clarke, who are authorized to treat for him. We hope sincerely that so fair a request from one who is so truly friendly to us will be respected as it deserves.

The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says, "The question of tyrannicide is one that has two sides to it, and I don't know whether Flourens agrees with a great Englishman, Walter Savage Landor, who pronounced it the noblest of virtues, while denouncing assassination as the basest of crimes." But upon such a subject Walter Savage Landor is exactly the worst authority in the world. The sophistry of his assertion is conspicuous. If a man may justly kill one tyrant he may kill another, and he alone decides who is tyrannical.

It is mere bloody barbarism. Upon exactly this principle Marat called for the heads of the aristocrats, the tyrants of the people. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" cried Booth, as he murdered Mr. Lincoln. Was he less an assassin because he called his victim a tyrant? The most revolting point in the European republicanism of to-day is that it seems to regard assassination as a question that has two sides to it. But Massimo D'Azeglio, the Italian statesman, exposed the wild and perilous error of Landor in saying, "Nothing can excuse assassination, because it is an act of treachery in execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 9.—In the Senate, a resolution was adopted recommending the construction of a harbor of refuge on Block Island. A bill was introduced requiring the annual publication of the amount of interest due on certificates of stocks issued by the United States, dividends, deposits, and interest accruing from other sources, which have been unclaimed for two years.—The House was not in session.

May 10.—In the Senate, the principal topic of the day was the Army bill, which was discussed at length, but not acted upon. Several bills were introduced of minor interest, and a memorial was received in reference to the transmission of pensions through the mails by the money-order system.—No business of public importance occupied the time of the House.

May 11.—In the Senate, a bill to furnish artificial limbs to disabled soldiers was passed. Among amendments agreed upon to the Appropriation bills was one appropriating $500,000 for a new building for the State Department, and another for the enlargement of the Capitol grounds, at a cost of $500,000.—The House passed an appropriation bill of $500,000 to supply the deficiencies in the appropriation for the compensation and mileage of members and delegates for the year ending June 30, 1870.

May 12.—The Senate, after long discussion, passed the Army bill. Various changes were made in it, of which the following are the principal: Fixing the reduction of the army at 30,000 instead of 25,000, as provided by the bill; amending the eleventh section so that only such officers should be reported to the Examining Board as are unfit for duty from any cause other than injuries incurred in the line of duty; providing that all officers reported for retirement shall have a hearing before the Board; and striking out the fifteenth section fixing the compensation of officers. On the section prohibiting retired officers from holding civil positions under the government, a long debate occurred, but it was finally allowed to stand, and an additional amendment agreed to prohibiting all army officers, both on the active and retired list, from holding any civil office. The vote on this amendment was yeas 34, nays 21.—No business of public importance was before the House.

May 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill supplementary to the Civil Rights act, to secure equal rights in conveyances, hotels, theatres, schools, in the courts—every where. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The House Naval Committee reported a bill, which was passed, granting twelve months' pay, according to rank, to the widows and orphans of the officers, sailors, and marines of the *Oneida* from date of her loss.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

A serious railway collision occurred May 12 on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, twenty-eight miles west of St. Louis, by which nine persons were killed outright, and thirty wounded. The blame of the collision is said to rest on the conductor of a freight train, who was running out of time.

Twenty families of Josephite Mormons, numbering in all about one hundred souls, have recently left Utah for their old homes among the Gentiles.

On the 12th instant the Grand Army of the Republic, in Convention at Washington, elected General John A. Logan Grand Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing year.

Our "Barbarian Brethren" on the border continue to make trouble. The Indian Bureau has received information of several recent raids into Texas, and the abduction of the wives and children of settlers. In one case a settler offers $750 for the recovery of his wife stolen by the savages from his dwelling. At the same time, it is said that letters have been received in Washington from General Sherman which indicate that the threatened Indian hostilities may be avoided. Preparations are being made for a hospitable reception of Red Cloud, the Sioux war chief, who is now on his way to the capital.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The tranquillity of Paris was seriously threatened by riots immediately after the result of the recent vote was known. Barricades were erected in several streets, and stubbornly defended against the police and military, who, however, eventually carried the day and restored order. On the 12th inst. the Emperor addressed a letter to the army, in which he speaks of rumors regarding the vote of the army in Paris as absurd and exaggerated, and expresses confidence in the troops. He thanks them for their firmness and *sang-froid* during the recent disturbances. Paris is quiet, but the scenes of the riots are still occupied by troops.

The total vote on the *plebiscitum* was 7,336,434 yeas, and 1,562,709 nays.

It is reported that Prince Pierre Bonaparte will visit this country in June.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in Madeira.

The tranquillity of Italy is threatened by insurrection in the southern provinces. Garibaldi is said to be in sympathy with the insurgents.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER I.

Purpose of the Expedition.—Habits of the Camel.—Arab Migration.—Arrival at Sofi.—A German Hunter.—Purchase and Transportation of the Cabin.—Crossing the Atbara on a Bedstead.—A Giraffe Hunt.

IT will be remembered that in the spring of 1861 Sir SAMUEL BAKER set out from Lower Egypt, with the hope of encountering Speke and Grant in the vicinity of the sources of the Nile, and a firm resolve to add to their discoveries or perish in the attempt. It will also be remembered that Mrs. Baker, a lady in the spring-time of existence, and as charming as she was heroic, accompanied her husband, and, during the five years of the expedition, displayed a courage and devotion that nothing could appall. It will likewise be remembered with what success this noble enterprise was crowned, and we need not revert to it. But, before entering directly on his search for the sources of the Nile, Sir Samuel Baker determined to study the tributaries which this river received from Abyssinia. The result was a series of explorations which lasted a year, and demonstrated to the traveler that, if the permanent current of the river is kept up by the reservoirs arising from the equatorial rains, the inundation is produced exclusively by the Abyssinian rivers, and that these rushing torrents not only cause the river to overflow, but enrich its banks with the soil of the plateaux over which they sweep, whence proceeds the fertility of the banks on which this soil is deposited, and the formation of the Delta of Egypt. This important study, carried on in a country full of game, was diversified by exciting hunting expeditions, which enriched Baker's escort, and enabled the party to live in plenty during their journey.

Instead, therefore, of continuing their route to Khartoum, the explorer and his wife ascended the Atbara to within two hundred and twenty miles from its mouth; then, leaving it at their right, they turned southward and proceeded toward Cassala, on the Abyssinian frontier, where they arrived on the 9th of July. Since quitting the Nile boat the two travelers had journeyed, either on donkeys or camels, seven hundred and ten miles, six hundred and thirty miles of which had been through scorching deserts during the hottest season; 114° Fahr. in the shade under the water-skins, 137° in the sun.

The desert, even at this season, is not always terrible. The nights are cool and fresh, the sky is covered with stars, the horizon shuts down, the hills assume strange shapes in the moonlight, and the calmness which surrounds you in this mysterious solitude is invested with a supernatural character which is full of delight. There is not a mosquito; not one of those insects which are the pest of hot climates. As soon as the sun goes down you enjoy perfect comfort.

But the sun returns, the plain is boundless, and the traveler sees nothing but scorching sands and burning rocks. To the devouring rays of the sun is joined the withering breath of the simoom. Wood warps, ivory cracks, and paper splits at its touch; the marrow in one's bones dries up, and the wine-skins are emptied. The dust fills the ears and stops up the nostrils; it comes in thick clouds, formed of columns more than thirty feet in height, which revolve through the plain or scatter in all directions at the mercy of the whirlwind.

Even along the river, except the fringes of mimosas and clumps of dome-palms that line the banks, there is still the same burning plain. And to cross this furnace there are only the most execrable means of transportation. Of all species of fatigue, says Baker, the back-breaking, monotonous swing of a heavy camel is the worst, and, should the rider lose patience, and administer a sharp cut that induces the creature to break into a trot, the torture of the rack is a pleasant tickling compared to the sensation of having your spine driven, from a sledge-hammer below, half a foot deeper into the skull. There is indeed the hygeen, the pure-blooded dromedary, which deliciously ambles a mile in six minutes, and can travel without giving way for nine or ten hours, but the Arabs prize these too highly to let them to strangers.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker set out from Cassala on the 15th of July, and took their way westward toward the Atbara. They had had rain on the very day that they left the desert. From this time the showers, more and more copious, had become daily. There was verdure every where; but the camels' feet sank deep into the soil; this formed adhesive clods upon their spongy toes that almost disabled them. The Arabs were hastening to lead theirs to firmer ground. The road was blocked up with flocks of goats and sheep, and camels bearing women and children, or loaded with strange articles of quaint household goods. Fine bronzed figures of Arabs, with sword, shield, and white topes or plaids, guided their milk-white dromedaries through the confused throng. All were migrating to the north, where the grass was beginning to sprout, and where neither fevers nor the cattle-plague were to be feared. Our travelers, on the contrary, pursued their course toward the south, and, in spite of increasing difficulties, reached Sofi a fortnight after their departure from Cassala.

Sofi is nothing but a wretched village consisting of some thirty huts, but the location is superb. A German mason named Florian had built a stone cottage, the only one in the place, where he had lived for some years. He was a sallow, sickly-looking man, who, with a large, bony frame, had been reduced by constant hard work and frequent sickness to little but skin and bone. He had left Germany with the Austrian mission to Khartoum; but finding the work too laborious in such a climate, he had declared for independence, purchased a rifle, turned hunter, and employed his leisure in earning money by the work of his hands in various ways. This worthy man had thoroughly explored a part of the region which Baker proposed to visit, and could give him valuable information; and it was to consult him that the traveler had come to Sofi.

Outdoor life was no longer possible; it was necessary to seek a permanent shelter. This was an easy matter. For ten piastres, or about half a dollar, I purchased, says Baker, a remarkably neat house. This did not seem an extravagant outlay for a neat dwelling with a sound roof; neither were there any legal expenses in the form of conveyance, as in that happy and practical land the simple form of conveyance is the transportation of the house (the roof) upon the shoulders of about thirty men, and thus it is conveyed to any spot that the purchaser may consider desirable. Accordingly, our mansion was at once seized by a crowd of Arabs, and carried off in triumph, while the sticks that formed the wall were quickly arranged upon the site I had chosen for our camp. In the short space of about three hours I found myself the proprietor of an eligible freehold residence, situated upon an eminence in park-like grounds, commanding extensive and romantic views of the beautifully wooded valley of the Atbara, within a minute's walk of the neighboring village of Sofi, perfect immunity from all poor-rates, tithes, taxes, and other public burdens, not more than 2000 miles from a church, with the advantage of a post-town at the easy distance of seventy leagues. The manor comprised the right of shooting throughout the parishes of Abyssinia and Soudan, plentifully stocked with elephants, lions, rhinoceros, giraffes, buffaloes, hippopotami, leopards, and a great variety of antelopes; while the right of fishing extended throughout the Atbara and neighboring rivers, that were well stocked with fish ranging from five to a hundred and fifty pounds; also with turtles and crocodiles. The mansion comprised entrance-hall, dining-room, drawing-room, lady's boudoir, library, breakfast-room, bedroom, and dressing-room (with the great advantage of their combination in one circular room fourteen feet in diameter). The architecture was of ancient style, from the original design of a pill-box surmounted by a candle extinguisher.

I purchased two additional huts, and in the course of a week we had formed as pretty a camp as Robinson Crusoe himself could have coveted; but he, poor unfortunate, had only his man Friday to assist him, while in our arrangements there were many charms and indescribable little comforts that could only be effected by a lady's hand. Not only were our walks covered with snow-white sand, and the borders ornamented with beautiful agates that we had collected in the neighborhood, but the interior of our house was the perfection of neatness; the floor was covered with white sand beaten firmly together to the depth of about six inches, the surface was swept and replaced with fresh material daily; the traveling bedsteads, with their bright green mosquito-curtains, stood on either side, affording a clear space in the centre of the circle, while exactly opposite the door stood the gun-rack, with as goodly array of weapons as the heart of a sportsman could desire.

My revolver and a brace of double-barreled pistols hung upon the wall, which, although the exterior of the house was straw, we had lined with the bright-colored canvas of the tent. Suspended by loops were little ornamental baskets worked by the Arabs, that contained a host of useful articles, such as needles, thread, etc., etc.; and the remaining surface was hung with hunting knives, fishing lines, and a variety of instruments belonging to the chase.—A traveling table, with maps and a few books, stood against the wall, and one more article completed our furniture—an exceedingly neat toilet-table, the base of which was a flat-topped portmanteau, concealed by a cunning device of chintz and muslin; this, covered with the usual arrangement of brushes, mirror, scent-bottles, etc., threw an air of civilization over the establishment, which was increased by the presence of an immense sponging-bath, that, being flat and circular, could be fitted underneath a bed. In the draught of air next the door stood our filter in a wooden frame, beneath which was a porous jar that received and cooled the clear water as it fell.

We were thoroughly happy. There was a delightful calm and a sense of rest, a total estrangement from the cares of the world. The eye plunged into the valley for a distance of five miles. Every day I took my telescope and spied wild beasts browsing tranquilly on the other side of the river, where the country was a desert. There was plenty of game there, but none at all on our side, and no means of crossing the Atbara. Every day without exception, and generally for several hours of the night, the lightning flashed and thunder roared with little intermission, while the rain fell in such torrents that the entire country became impassable, with the exception of the hard ground of the Atbara Valley. The rich loam of the table-land had risen like leavened dough, and was knee-deep in adhesive mud; the grass upon this surface grew with such rapidity that in a few weeks it reached a height of nine or ten feet. The glorious Atbara was at its maximum.

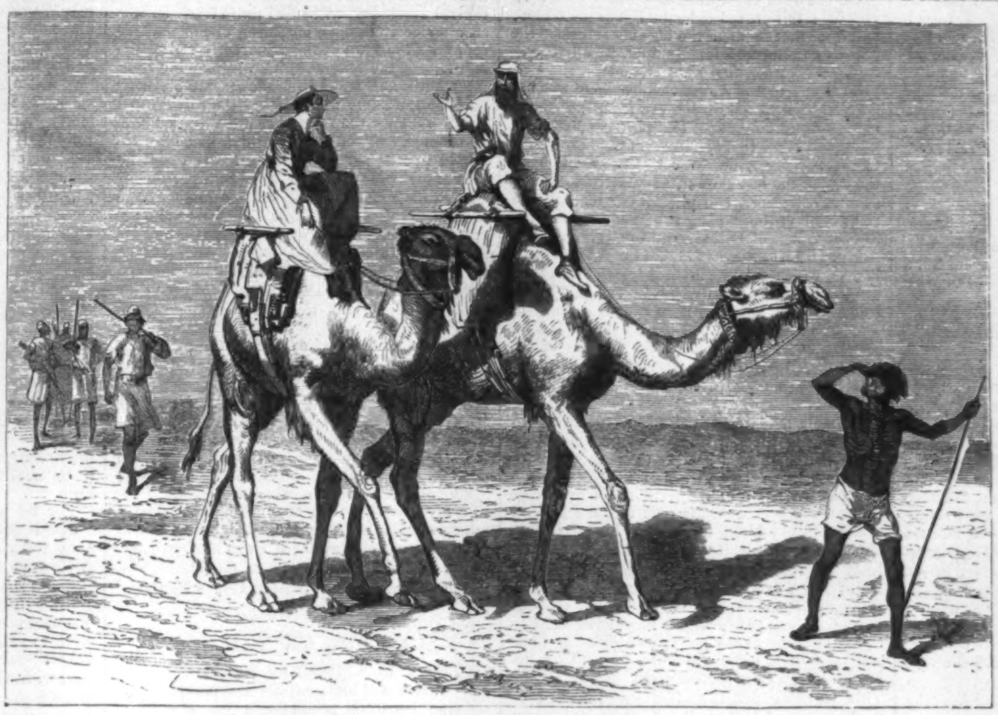
We had seen it quite dry; now its current was two hundred yards wide, and more than forty feet deep. Nevertheless, we must cross it. Seventy-six giraffes! We felled a tree for a canoe; and I find in my journal:

August 16. Our canoe is so heavy that it will only carry one person, and even then it threatens to become a bathing machine; thus nine days' hard work are lost. Florian is in despair; but *nil desperandum!* I shall set to work instanter and make a raft.

August 18. Launched the raft; it carries four persons safely, but the current is too strong, and it is therefore unmanageable. A dead elephant floated down the river to-day; this is the second that has passed within the last few days. They have probably been drowned in attempting to cross some powerful torrent tributary to the Atbara.

September 2. For many days past we have seen large herds of giraffes on the opposite side of the river, about two miles distant. To-day they tantalized me by descending below the level flats, and I was tempted at all hazards across the river. My bedstead, inverted and

THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]



TRAVERSING THE DESERT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

supported by water-skins, inflated, formed an excellent raft. There are hippopotami hunters in the village that swim like otters; two of these were to draw the raft across the river by tow-lines, while two others were to hang on behind and keep it in the rapid current.

Off we went! The current, running at nearly five miles an hour, carried us away at a great pace, and the whirlpools caused us much trouble, as we several times waltzed round when we should have preferred a straight course; but the towing swimmers being well mounted upon logs of light ambatch-wood, swam across in fine style, and after some difficulty we arrived at the opposite bank, and scrambled through thick bushes upon our hands and knees to the summit.

For about two miles' breadth on this side of the river the valley is rough, broken ground, full of gullies and ravines sixty or seventy feet deep, beds of torrents, bare sandstone rocks, bushy crags, fine grassy knolls, and long strips of mimosa covert, forming a most perfect locality for shooting.

I had observed by the telescope that the giraffes were standing as usual upon an elevated position, from whence they could keep a good look-out. I knew it would be useless to ascend the slope direct, as their long necks give these animals an advantage similar to that of the man at the mast-head; therefore, although we had the wind in our favor, we should have been observed. I therefore determined to make a circuit of about five miles, and thus to approach them from above, with the advantage of the broken ground for stalking. It was the perfection of uneven country; by clambering broken cliffs, wading shoulder-deep through muddy gullies, sliding down the steep ravines, and winding through narrow bottoms of high grass and mimosas, for about two hours, during which we disturbed many superb nellut (*Ant. strepsiceros*), and tétel (*Ant. Bubalis*), we at length arrived at the point of the high table-land, upon the verge of which I had first noticed the giraffes with the telescope. Almost immediately I distinguished the tall neck of one of these splendid animals about half a mile distant upon my left, a little below the table-land; it was feeding on the bushes, and I quickly discovered several others near the leader of the herd. I turned sharp to my right, intending to arrive on the leeward side of the herd.

I had marked a thick bush as my point of cover, and upon arrival I found that the herd had fed down wind, and that I was within two hundred yards of the great bull sentinel that, having moved from his former position, was now standing directly before me. He was shortly joined by two others. A puff of wind gently fanned the back of my neck; it was cool and delightful, but no sooner did I feel the refreshing breeze than I knew it would convey our scent direct to the giraffes. A few seconds afterward the three grand obelisks threw their heads still higher in the air, and fixing their great black eyes upon the spot from which the danger came, they remained as motionless as though carved from stone.

The attitude of fixed attention and surprise of the three giraffes was sufficient warning for the rest of the herd, who immediately filed up from the lower ground, and joined their comrades. All now halted, and gazed steadfastly in our direction, forming a superb tableau; their beautiful mottled skins glancing like the summer coat of a thorough-bred horse, the orange-colored statues standing out in high relief from a background of dark green mimosas.

This beautiful picture soon changed; I knew that my chance of a close shot was hopeless, as they would presently make a rush and be off; thus I determined to get the first start. I had previously studied the ground; and I concluded that they would push forward at right angles with my position, as they had thus ascended the hill; and that, on reaching the higher ground, they would turn to the right, in order to reach an immense tract of high grass, as level as a billiard-table, from which no danger could approach them unobserved.

I accordingly, with a gentle movement of my hand, directed my people to follow me, and I made a sudden rush forward at full speed. Off went the herd, shambling along at a tremendous pace, whisking their long tails above their hind-quarters; and taking exactly the direction I had anticipated, they offered me a shoulder-shot at a little within two hundred yards' distance. Unfortunately I fell into a deep hole concealed by the high grass, and by the time that I resumed the hunt they had increased their distance; but I observed the leader turned sharp to the right, through some low mimosa bush, to make direct for the open table-land. I made a short cut obliquely at my best speed, and only halted when I saw that I should lose ground by altering my position. Stopping short, I was exactly opposite the herd as they filed by me at right angles in full speed, within about one hundred and eighty yards. I had only my old Ceylon No. 10 double rifle, and I took a steady shot at a large dark-colored bull. The satisfactory sound of the ball upon his hide was followed almost immediately by his blundering forward for about twenty yards, and falling heavily in the low bush. I heard the crack of the ball of my left-hand barrel upon another fine beast, but no effects followed. Bacheet quickly gave me the single 2-ounce Manton rifle, and I singled out a fine dark-colored bull, who fell on his knees to the shot, but recovering, hobbled off disabled, apart from the herd, with a fore-leg broken just below the shoulder. Upon my approach he attempted to move, but immediately fell, and was dispatched by my eager Arabs. I followed the herd for about a mile to no purpose, through deep clammy ground and high grass, and I returned to our game.

These were my first giraffes, and I admired them as they lay before me with a hunter's pride and satisfaction, but mingled with a feeling of pity for such beautiful and utterly helpless creatures. The eye of this animal is the most beautiful exaggeration of that of the gazelle, while the color of the reddish-orange hide, mottled with darker spots, changes the tints of the skin with the differing rays of light, according to the muscular movement of the body. No one who has merely seen the giraffe in a cold climate can form the least idea of its beauty in its native land. By the time we had skinned one of the animals it was nearly six o'clock, and it was necessary to hurry forward to reach the river before night; we therefore arranged some thorny boughs over the bodies, to which we intended to return on the following morning.

When about half-way to the river, as we were passing through grass about four feet high, three tétel bounded from a ravine, and, passing directly before us, gave me a splendid shot at about sixty yards. The Ceylon No. 10 struck the foremost through the shoulder, and it fell dead after running a few yards. This was also my first tétel (*Antelope Bubalis*); it was in splendid condition, the red coat was like satin, and the animal would weigh about five hundred pounds live weight. I had made very successful shots, having bagged three out of four at large game.

It was quite dark before we reached the river; we had been much delayed by repeated falls into deep holes and over hidden stones; thus I was well satisfied to find myself once more at home, after having crossed the river in pitchy darkness, in a similar manner as before.

The next morning we crossed the river anew in search of our game. There was but one giraffe left. The lions and tigers had devoured the other during the night, without leaving a single trace. The savage herd had wallowed in the mud, and the imprints told of the theft. This was a real loss. The natives set great

TEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS TO PIECES.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

store by the flesh of the giraffe, and they are right, for the meat is the best I have ever tasted. Every part of the animal is turned to some use. The skin, which is singularly hard, has the advantage of being as light as it is tough, which renders it very valuable for the manufacture of shields; and the long tendons of the legs are exceedingly prized by the Arabs in lieu of thread for sewing leather, and also for guitar-strings.

CHAPTER II.

Aggageers, or Hunters of the Hamran Tribe.—Swords and Shields.—Hunting with the Sword.—Last Departure from Sofi.—Encampment at Wat el Négur.—Purchase of three Horses.—Hippopotamus Hunt.—Tearing the Animal to Pieces.—Attack and Slaughter.

I HAD been a month at Sofi when I had an audience of a party of hunters whom I had long wished to meet. I had heard of certain Arabs of the Hamran tribe that inhabited the country south of Cassala, who hunted and killed all wild animals, from the antelope to the elephant, with no other weapon than the sword.

I could not understand how it could be possible to kill an elephant with the sword, unless the animal should be mobbed by a crowd of men and hacked to death, but I was assured that the most savage elephant had no chance upon good riding ground against four aggageers (as the hunters with the sword are designated). I had determined to engage a party of these hunters to accompany me throughout my exploration of the Abyssinian rivers at the proper season, when I should have an excellent opportunity of combining sport with an examination of the country. My intentions had become known, and the visit of the hunters was the consequence.

The Hamran Arabs are distinguished from the other tribes by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre, and arranged in long curls; otherwise, there is no perceptible difference in their appearance from other Arabs. They are armed, as are all others, with swords and shields; the latter are circular, and are generally formed of rhinoceros hide. There are two forms of shields used by the various tribes of Arabs; one is a narrow oval, the other is circular. There is no difference in the form of their swords. The blade is long and straight, two-edged, with a simple cross handle, having no other guard for the hand than the plain bar, which, at right angles with the hilt, forms the cross.

The swords of the aggageers differed in no respect from those usually worn; but they were bound with cord very closely from the guard for about nine inches along the blade, to enable them to be grasped by the right hand, while the hilt was held by the left; the weapon was thus converted into a two-handed sword.

The Hamrans who could not afford to purchase horses hunted on foot, in parties not exceeding two persons. Their method was to follow the tracks of an elephant, so as to arrive at their game between the hours of 10 A.M. and noon, at which time the animal is either asleep or extremely listless, and easy to approach. Should they discover the animal asleep, one of the hunters would creep stealthily toward the head, and with one blow sever the trunk while stretched upon the ground; in which case the elephant would start upon his feet, while the hunters escaped in the confusion of the moment. The trunk severed would cause a hemorrhage sufficient to insure the death of the elephant within about an hour. On the other hand, should the animal be awake upon their arrival, it would be impossible to approach the trunk; in such a case they would creep up from behind and give a tremendous cut at the back sinew of the hind-leg, about a foot above the heel. Such a blow would disable the elephant at once, and would render comparatively easy a second cut to the remaining leg; the arteries being divided, the animal would quickly bleed to death. These were the methods adopted by poor hunters, until, by the sale of ivory, they could purchase horses for the higher branch of the heart. Provided with horses, the party of hunters should not exceed four. They start before daybreak, and ride slowly throughout the country in search of elephants, generally keeping along the course of a river until they come upon the tracks where a herd or a single elephant may have drunk during the night. When once upon the tracks, they follow fast toward the retreating game. The elephants may be twenty miles distant; but it matters little to the aggageers. At length they discover them, and the hunt begins. The first step is to single out the bull with the largest tusks; this is the commencement of the fight. After a short hunt, the elephant turns upon his pursuers, who scatter and fly from his headlong charge until he gives up the pursuit; he at length turns to bay when again pressed by the hunters. It is the duty of one man in particular to ride up close to the head of the elephant, and thus to absorb its attention upon himself. This insures a desperate charge. The greatest coolness and dexterity are then required by the hunter. But we shall soon see him at work.

As I listened to these fine fellows, who, in a modest and unassuming manner, recounted their adventures as matters of course, I felt exceedingly small. My whole life had been passed in wild sports from early manhood, and I had imagined that I understood as much as most people of this subject; but here were men who, without the aid of the best rifles and deadly projectiles, went straight at their game, and faced the lion in his den with shield and sabre. I felt inclined to take off my cap and make a low bow to the gallant and swarthy fellows who sat before me. There is a freemasonry among hunters, and my heart was drawn toward these aggageers. We fraternized upon the spot, and I looked forward with intense pleasure to the day when we might become allies in action. For this it was necessary to take the field anew.

On the 15th of September a heavy shower of rain fell; this proved to be the last of the season, and from that moment the burning sun ruled the sodden country and rapidly dried up all vegetation. In a week the grass assumed a tinge of yellow, and by the end of October there was not a green spot to relieve the eye from the golden blaze of the landscape, except the patches of grass and reeds that sprang from the mud-banks of the retiring river. We had quitted Sofi on the day of the last shower, and, after encamping at different places, had pitched our tents on the right bank of the Atbara, two hundred yards below the village of Wat el Négur, and seven hours' journey from Settite. I at that time owned three horses, which I had purchased of the elephant hunters, all three of Abyssinian breed, and handsome animals, although none exceeded fourteen hands and a half. I had named them Gazelle, Tetel, and Aggahr, which is the singular of aggageer. The two latter were trained hunters; Gazelle was inexperienced, but remarkably handsome.

Scarcely had we arrived when I accepted an invitation to shoot a savage old bull hippopotamus that had been sufficiently impertinent to chase several of the natives. He lived in a deep and broad portion of the river, about two miles distant. We accordingly rode to the spot, and found the old hippo at home. The river was about 250 yards wide at this place, in an acute bend that had formed a deep pool. In the centre of this was a mud-bank, just below the surface; upon this shallow bed the hippo was reposing. Upon perceiving us he was exceedingly saucy, snorting at my party, and behaving himself in a most absurd manner, by shaking his head and leaping half-way out of the water. This plunging demonstration was intended to frighten us. I had previously given Bacheet a pistol, and had ordered him to follow on the opposite bank. I now hallooed to him to fire several shots at the hippo, in order to drive him, if possible, toward me, as I lay in ambush behind a rock in the bed of the river. Bacheet descended the almost perpendicular bank to the water's edge, and fired a shot with the pistol. The hippo, who was a wicked, solitary old bull, accustomed to have his own way, returned the insult by charging toward Bacheet, with a tremendous snorting that sent him scrambling up the steep bank in a panic. Once safe in his elevated position on the top of the bank, thirty feet above the river, he fired the second barrel in bold defiance at the hippopotamus.

As the hippo had gained confidence, I showed myself above the rock, and called to him by his Arab name, "Hăsinth! Hăsinth!" He, thinking no doubt that he might as well hunt me away, gave a loud snort, sank, and quickly reappeared about a hundred yards from me; but nearer than this he positively refused to approach. I therefore called to Bacheet to shout from the other side to attract his attention, and as he turned his head I took a steady shot behind the ear with the little Fletcher rifle. This happened to be one of those fortunate shots that consoles you for many misses, and the saucy old hippo turned upon his back and rolled about in tremendous struggles, lashing the still and deep pool into waves, until he at length disappeared. We knew that he was settled; then my people started off toward the village, and in a marvelously short time a frantic crowd of Arabs arrived with camels, ropes, axes, knives, and every thing necessary for an onslaught upon the hippo, who, up to this time, had not appeared upon the surface. In about one hour and a half from the time he received the bullet, we discovered his carcass floating about two hundred yards lower down the river. Several heads of large crocodiles appeared and vanished suddenly within a few feet of the floating carcass; therefore the Arabs considered it prudent to wait until the stream should strand the body upon the pebbly shallows about half a mile below the pool. Upon arrival at that point there was a general rush, and the excited crowd secured the hippo by many ropes and hauled it to the shore. It was a very fine bull, as the skin without the head measured twelve feet three inches. I had two haunches kept for the sheik, and a large quantity of fat, which is highly and deservedly prized by the Arabs, as it is the most delicate of any animal. Those portions secured, with a reserve of meat for ourselves, the usual disgusting scene of violence commenced, the crowd falling upon the carcass like maddened hyenas. A hundred knives were instantly at work. They fought over the spoil like wolves. No sooner was the carcass flayed than the struggle commenced for the meat. The people were a mass of blood, as some stood thigh-deep in the intestines wrestling for the fat, while many hacked at each other's hands for coveted portions that were striven for as a *bonne bouche*. I quitted this savage spectacle, which I had seen before, and which was always renewed on a like occasion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OPIUM-EATER.

DE QUINCEY, in his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," has given us a picture of the delights experienced by indulging in this narcotic, which would be tempting enough to some minds, did not the miserable condition of the patient in his waking state serve as a horrible warning. Dr. Porqueville, in his "Voyage en Morée," gives a description of a case related by an English embassador to an Indian king. This high personage having been led to a sumptuous apartment, in a short time two slaves, bearing a litter, approached. Upon the litter, covered with shawls of great value, a human form was borne, to all appearance dead. Presently, however, an officer in attendance produced a bottle in which a bluish-looking liquor appeared. The embassador, thinking he was the involuntary witness of some funeral ceremony, wished to retire; but he was soon undeceived, upon observing one of the officers raise the head of this apparently lifeless being, replace the tongue which was hanging from the mouth, and make it swallow some black liquid, at the same time closing the mouth, and gently rubbing the throat in order to facilitate its passage. When this operation had been repeated five or six times, the figure opened its eyes and closed its mouth of its own accord; it then swallowed, without assistance, another large dose of the liquid, and in less than an hour became revived, and sat up upon the couch, having somewhat recovered its natural color and the partial use of its limbs. He then addressed the envoy in person, and asked him the object of his mission. For nearly two hours this extraordinary being remained perfectly conscious, and capable of transacting business of the greatest importance. The English embassador took the liberty of asking him some questions concerning the strange scene which he had witnessed. "Sir," he replied, "I have long been an opium-eater, and by degrees have fallen into this deplorable condition. I pass three parts of the day in the torpid state in which you have seen me. Although incapable of moving or speaking, I retain my consciousness, and during this time I am surrounded with the most delightful visions; but I should never awake if I was not surrounded by zealous and affectionate attendants, who watch over me with the most anxious solicitude."

SUNSHINE ON THE SEA.

THERE are blossoms on the cherry,
There are blossoms on the pear,
And my heart is light and merry
With the hope that blossoms there;
For the sorrow and the weeping
Wintry tempests brought to me,
In the past are calmly sleeping
Now there's sunshine on the sea.
I am looking for my lover
(Who is true as truth to me),
Now the wintry storms are over
And there's sunshine on the sea.

"When the bloom of pear and cherry
Are white upon the tree,
When you see the bud and berry,
Then look out, my love, for me."
So he said when last we parted,
While my tears rained on the deck,
For I felt half broken-hearted
In my dread of storm and wreck.
Now each spring-tide bud and blossom
Brings my own love nearer me,
And the sunshine in my bosom
Is the sunshine on the sea.

THE LOST CHANCE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"REMEMBER, Laurence, my dear boy, whatever you do, not to bring home a frivolous creature, a flirt, and a trifler, as your wife."

"But, my dear mother, I can assure you I have no intention of bringing home any wife."

"Well, I don't know—I think it is time you had a good wife" (this was said with something like a sigh); "but, oh Laurence, don't let it be one of the frivolous flirting creatures one sees almost every where now. Let her be somebody with a pure, steadfast nature—one in whom you could trust, and whom I could lean on as a daughter."

Laurence did not care to prolong the conversation, having nothing very particular to say on a subject which had as yet but little personal interest for him. So he laughed, promised, and bade his mother farewell for a season.

Laurence Gifford was a handsome young man, of good intellect, and some culture. In certain ways he would have been called slow and old-fashioned; for he was of a steady, domestic turn, and he had a profound veneration for his mother. They were New-Englanders, and Mrs. Gifford was a woman of pure and serene nature, to whom principle and goodness were every thing; but who was, perhaps, a little too prone to act in obedience to precept in her own life, and to inculcate the same course as the duty of others. Moreover, she was rather too much in the habit of judging other people by her own standard. Now, nobody ever can justly judge of others who has not something of what I may perhaps call the dramatic instinct, which enables one for the moment to put one's self in the place, feel the feelings, and understand the purposes, of another. The moral of this little story—if it can pretend to any—is, that good intention and high principle are not always enough in this world, and that for lack of a little of that which I have called dramatic instinct the best people may sometimes go wrong, and sadly mislead others.

Laurence Gifford might be called a young man of fortune. His father had left property enough, accumulated in trade, to relieve the son from any need of working for a living. So Laurence had studied and traveled for the sake of his own culture, and had lived for the most part quietly with his mother, seeing but little of society, and making himself her companion as well as her son.

Now he was going to make a little tour of visits among friends in Philadelphia and New York, and the neighborhood of those cities; and his mother, knowing that he was likely to meet many pretty and accomplished girls, thought it right to give him a word of warning before he left. Indeed, it was a warning she had many times already labored to impress upon him. One might have thought it superfluous, for Laurence had a nature grave, deep, and tender; and he had a strong natural aversion to frivolous and flirting women.

You might not have thought this, perhaps, if you had seen him during his stay at the country seat of one of his friends, where he met, for the first time, Jennie Millicent. Miss Millicent was one of the prettiest, brightest, most animated, and brilliant girls any society could boast of. She was a girl who seemed to lend an appearance of reasonableness to the extravagant gallantry of that little poem of Rousard's (at least, I think it is Rousard's), which avers that the sand in an hour-glass is all that remained of a hapless lover who was thus reduced to dust and ashes by the first bright glance of a lady's eyes. Chance first, and then perhaps mutual intention, threw Laurence Gifford and Jennie Millicent together a good deal at the house of their common friends. They found that they had many tastes in common. Jennie was a quick, eager reader, with a subtle, rapid appreciation, and a judgment more true than her vivacious, brilliant manner would lead one to expect; and Laurence found himself, for the first time in his life, intellectually interested in the society of a woman.

They met at many other places during that season, and Laurence was for the first time in his life unhappy. Fierce, new fires were lighting up in his heart. Strange doubts and pains racked him.

For he said to himself, sadly and bitterly, "Jennie Millicent is a flirt. She has no heart—no steadfastness. She is fascinating me, and she knows it; she was determined to fascinate me, and she cares nothing about me. I am just another little triumph to her, and nothing more." Then a more tender gleam in her blue eyes would seem to plead against his doubts, and he would devote himself to her—until some one else came near with whom she chose to divide her attention and her glances, and Laurence drew off, disheartened and miserable. "The shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks."

To add to his perplexities and pains he began to meet, in the same circles of society, a girl whose mother had been one of his mother's oldest friends; and to whom, therefore, he ought to have paid special attention, and would have paid it but for the distracting influence of bright Jennie Millicent. Caroline Horton was a noble-looking girl, with a serene, Madonna-like face, and dark brown hair smoothly reposing on a white broad forehead. Her calm eyes sometimes rested on Laurence, with an expression that seemed to him to speak of sweet sisterly sympathy and even compassion. He thought that she saw and understood his condition, and pitied him.

"She pities me," he said to himself, "for she believes that I am entangled by a brilliant and heartless flirt. Perhaps Miss Millicent herself has told her that she has made me her slave. Girls of that nature do such things sometimes, people say." And he drew nearer to Caroline Horton, and tried to maintain his independence and self-control, and to keep aloof from the perilous fascinations of Jennie Millicent. There was something soothing and consoling in the society of Miss Horton. She always welcomed him with the same sweet, serene smile; she always looked sympathy, if she did not actually put it into words. Poor Laurence felt that there must be some influence about her which he could not clearly define or characterize, for after leaving her side he could hardly remember what they had been talking of, and yet he seemed to know that a congenial nature had given its sympathy and strength to him. She was always the same in manner; Jennie Millicent changed every hour. Caroline Horton listened tenderly and calmly, and spoke little; Jennie Millicent was always starting new ideas, and pursuing them as if they were bright butterflies and she an eager child.

Presently the little company was about to break up. Breakings-up, as Dickens says, are capital things at school; but in after-life they have, among other drawbacks, the disadvantage, generally, that the boys and girls do not come back and play together any more. The guests in the social circle of which Laurence had formed a part were about to scatter far and wide—some to the South, some to the West, a few to New England, and a few to Old England. A dear friend of Laurence's, Charley Gray, whom he had known at Harvard, had joined the group lately, and his presence and his imminent departure had given an additional touch of pain to Laurence: his imminent departure, for Laurence was grieved to lose him; his presence, for Laurence soon observed that Gray and himself were rowing in the same boat—that Charley Gray was a captive and a bond-slave of Jennie Millicent.

One morning, about this time, Laurence received a letter from his mother which vexed him, for it wound up with the words, "Beware! my dear son. I have heard something about a triumphant flirt who claims to have captured you. I know I can trust your heart and head; but still, my son, be careful, and be true to yourself." Laurence felt ashamed. His mother, apparently, looked on him as a weak boy, who still must be kept in leading-strings. And Jennie Millicent had, then, really been boasting of her conquest! Who could have written to his mother on the subject?

"I have made a fool of myself," Laurence murmured, "and every one laughs at me!" It was morning, and he was walking alone in one of the shrubberies of a country house as he read his mother's letter. Suddenly he started and flushed, for Jennie Millicent was there before him. As he turned the corner of a winding walk he saw her. She was alone, and at first she did not see him. She held a paper in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on it. In her walk, her attitude, the bend of her neck and head, there was something which spoke of a profound and genuine sadness. It was but for a moment that Laurence could thus observe her, for his tread announced him, and she looked up, and their eyes met. She blushed a deep crim-

son, and seemed quite agitated, and she hastily crumpled in her hand the paper she had been reading.

"She was reading a love-letter," Laurence said to himself. "Thank Heaven, I never wrote her a love-letter!"

Then they talked for a while, and, for some reason which Laurence could not explain even to himself, they talked very gravely and almost sadly. All the manner of the coquette was laid aside, and Jennie spoke to him in the frank and sympathetic tone of a sincere friend. There was something in her manner at once tender and calm which he had never observed before, and which he could not understand. It seemed to say, "Let there be henceforth only the clear truth between us. Let us not mistake each other. I am your friend; and only that. Be you my friend."

Laurence's soul was drawn toward her. "Have I not, after all, misunderstood this girl?" he began to ask himself.

As they walked along the thorns of a rose-bush caught Jennie's dress. She put out her hand to release herself, and the paper she had been holding fell to the ground. Laurence stooped to pick it up, and saw, not without some confusion, that it was in his own writing.

"It is the copy you made for me of that beautiful little poem of Victor Hugo's," she said, quietly. "I so like the poem that I have always kept it."

Then Laurence remembered that weeks and weeks before he had spoken to Jennie of a little poem of Victor Hugo's, and had copied it for her. It was that tender, half-melancholy poem which contains such verses as

"Puisque ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine, ou sa rose
A ses amours."

There was a moment's silence. Then Laurence said:

"We are all scattering soon. Are we never all to meet again?"

"All are not likely to meet again, I suppose," she replied. "But some of us are pledged to meet soon again—is it not so? May I not congratulate you, Mr. Gifford?"

"Congratulate *me*, Miss Millicent? Good Heavens! for what?"

She looked into his face with unfeigned wonder. "Am I premature and rash?" she said, with a half smile. "Pray forgive me."

"But, Miss Millicent, pray tell me what you mean. I do beg of you—oh, confound it!"

He was actually about to take her hand, when he saw Charley Gray appearing in the walk, and he gave vent to the ungracious ejaculation which closed his speech.

Laurence would have given his friend the go-by, but Miss Millicent's manner seemed purposely to invite Charley to join them; and Laurence quietly drew off, resolving to find another opportunity of speaking to her. The Destinies were against him. As he wandered, restless and impatient, through the shrubbery he came suddenly to an opening—and he saw, at a little distance, Jennie and his friend Gray standing together. Gray had taken her hand in his; and she was not resisting. Her eyes were on the ground; and she was listening to what he was pouring into her ear. Laurence rushed from the spot.

"Heartless coquette!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "How nearly I had betrayed myself to her! Oh, thank Heaven for the chance which showed me how false and cruel she is!"

That evening Laurence left the place, after having proposed for Caroline Horton and been accepted. That evening poor Charley Gray left the place, having proposed for and passionately pleaded to Jennie Millicent; and been tenderly, compassionately, decisively rejected. And Charley Gray was ever so much wealthier than Laurence Gifford!

Laurence was married soon after, and took his beautiful, calm bride to Europe. She was always beautiful and calm. She was calm on the first sight of Mont Blanc and the first glimpse of Italy. She was calm through the wonderful sunsets of the Mediterranean, and in a sudden, fierce squall on the Levant. They crossed over to the East and visited the Holy Land, and Caroline's face wore the same sweet, placid expression as they stood in the street of Grief and gazed upon the Mount of Olives. And Laurence at last accepted the truth, which he had striven as long as he could to shut out from his heart and mind. There was nothing in his wife. He had married a shapely figure, and a calm, handsome face, without mind or soul attached. Caroline Gifford had neither brains nor sympathies. The quiet, sweet smile that always lay outside her face represented no more of glow within than a sunbeam on a stone. This, then, was his fate!

He brought home his wife to his mother, who was at first delighted with her. Then Laurence learned that it was Caroline who had conveyed to his mother the hint about his attentions to Jennie Millicent. He smiled rather grimly and said nothing. Before a week he saw that his mother had found out poor Caroline, and knew that her son was tied for life to a brainless, vapid, soulless woman. No word of what she knew was breathed to Laurence by his mother; but he could see an ever-present look of pity, regret, and something like remorse upon her face.

Laurence Gifford was no mean whiner against Destiny—which, indeed, in his case, as in that of most of us, meant his own folly and mistake; and he resolved to make the best of his life—and of his wife. At first he strove hard to love her; but after a while he gave that up as hopeless. There was nothing to love; and Caroline would not have cared to be troubled with love. She was married to a steadfast, good man, and she did not want any thing else. She did not even want her husband's society. She was glad to have him for her husband; and that was all. Indeed his efforts, in their first months of marriage, to get her to take an interest in literature, or art, or nature, or any of the things he loved, were terrible bores to her. And Laurence soon saw this, and mercifully spared her. He was always kind and affectionate to her, and he resolutely endeavored to keep his eyes fixed on her good qualities—a difficult task, for although poor Caroline had assuredly no bad qualities whatever, yet she possessed no attributes sufficiently marked to be classed as good qualities by any but the most indulgent and partial observer.

So life went on for Laurence Gifford—quiet, cheerless, hopeless. His wife brought him no children; but that fact in nowise disturbed her. She was placidly contented, while Laurence strove to bear manfully the fate he had brought upon himself. And his mother was utterly miserable in seeing what she saw, and believing that she had some share in causing it to be.

Once, and only once, he saw his old friend, Charley Gray. The latter was still unmarried, and had settled permanently in Europe. Once, however, he crossed the Atlantic to see his friends, and he paid Laurence a visit. The two old acquaintances talked long and late into the night.

"I sometimes see an old friend of yours and of mine, in London, Laurence," said Gray, slowly, and with a little hesitation, during their talk. "I mean Jennie Millicent. You have not forgotten her?" And he looked somewhat curiously into Laurence's face. A flush was there, and Laurence's lips were compressed.

"Oh no," Laurence replied, calmly. "I have not forgotten her. She is still unmarried?"

"She is still unmarried; and apparently resolved not to marry. A strange fate for one who was, and is, so brilliant, and who had so many admirers and offers. You know that I asked her to marry me, Laurence?"

"I do—I have heard so."

"Yes, the very day you proposed for your wife! A strange coincidence! I loved Jennie Millicent, and always shall love her—though we are good friends now, and always shall be, and can never be any thing more. She couldn't love me—I don't blame her. She is by far the best and noblest woman I ever knew. No good cause, no great thing to be done, but her heart and her help go to it. She lives only for her friends and for doing good. And, though I know as well as if she told me, Laurence, that her life is lonely and unhappy, she has the same bright ways that she always had. I think well of all womankind for her sake, although she is the only woman who ever made me unhappy."

"Why did she never marry?" Laurence asked. And he spoke with difficulty, and with a choking sensation at his throat.

"Don't *you* know?"

Laurence answered only by a motion of his hand. He could not speak then.

"Because, Laurence Gifford, she was like me—she loved somebody who did not love her!"

"The night is too hot, Charley," exclaimed Laurence, starting up. "I can't breathe here—let us go out into the open air."

They went into the open air; and they spoke of Jennie Millicent no more. When Laurence went to his bedroom his wife was sleeping comfortably and soundly, with her hair done up very neatly and carefully under her lace night-cap, and the unchanging, placid smile upon her handsome, soulless face.

THE HERO OF A FAST NOVEL.

The pride of life is one of the leading notes of the "fast novel." Death may, with impartial heel, kick at the turreted palaces of kings and the hovel of the pauper; but the pride of life which informs the pen of our fast novelists condescends to treat of princely state alone. No man is fit to be a hero unless he can throw money about like water. It is not necessary that it should be his own money; indeed, it is better that it should not be—otherwise he would, perhaps, be too respectable for a hero. When, immersed in an inextricable state of debt, he goes down to shoot at one of his many places, he does so, we are informed, in a half-Bohemian, half-bivouac fashion; and his guests, all of them enormous swells of the period, are expected to be good enough to rough it. They arrive at a dim picturesque old house, with oak-paneled rooms, stained-glass windows, antiques, paintings, and china of fabulous value all around. They find a perfect cook, perfect wines, and perfect cigars; a grand piano in the Elizabethan drawing-room, the clash of billiard-balls under the painted arches of the chapel entrance, and whist-tables in the little garden-room that looks through oriel windows on to the terraces and the shady cedars. When out shooting, these gentlemen, who are "roughing it," toss the dogs *foie gras* and truffles, and drink delicate Burgundies to their perfumed cigarettes. When the hero flies from his debts and his difficulties, he betakes himself from the low white shore to his yacht. There, on a velvet-cushioned bench, lie the newest novels, just out. By its side is a splendid goblet, in which lumps of ice float in golden wine. Silky nectarines and purple grapes lie lazily together on his plate. In the mirrored cabin a choice dinner awaits him. When he returns to town, we find him ensconced in rooms decorated with imperial blue, filled with things of great antiquity and beauty—ivory, bronze, marble, china, enamel, all gleaming out of the prevailing hue of deep azure; chambers, in a word, summed up as containing as many treasures in them as Christie's itself on a view-day. When he gives a dinner at the little box inhabited by his Anonyma, all the male guests have half-guinea rose-buds in their coats, the dining-room is one sheet of light, a miniature sun in the blue arc of the ceiling sheds down its rays, the atmosphere is scented with pastilles, the table is ablaze with gold and silver, and the hangings of the walls are azure satin, silver-starred. Anonyma herself is dressed in flame-colored robes, and she seems to be literally on fire with the superb rubies that glitter all over her. She wears boots that cost thirty guineas a pair, with silver-gilt heels that go "click-clack" like a cavalryman's. But the golden tazze, costly china, exquisite pictures, Oriental stuffs, silks, satins, and furs, malachite vases, jasper tables, ivory-bound books, with monograms in turquoises and pearls on the cover, which are to be seen in the dining-room of the hero's nameless *protégée*, sink into insignificance when compared with the contents of her drawing-room. This glows with ten times more light, ten times more color, ten times more brilliancy, and is one mass of scintillating gold, silver, and amber—not a large room, but small and bijou, "intensely" luminous, and very costly. When he goes to the theatre and tosses a bouquet on to the stage, it contains a big sapphire, or is clasped by a jeweled holder. Elsewhere in the gorgeous pages of our fast instructor we meet with girls enfolded in a glitter of green and silver, with huge gold serpentine coils upon their arms, who lean over a boat's side and meditate—not upon the elusive smile of the sunlit waters, but upon the flavors of new sauces, and the strong old wines princes send to them, and of Oriental burnouses, all interwoven with pearls and turquoises, which Oriental embassadors give them for the asking. Even the artists of our fast novels have odorous cedar-lined studios, in which the smoke of choice cigars curls round antiques and bric-à-brac, and sherry and seltzer perpetually hiss in long fairy-like glasses of Venice.

BEARDS AND MUSTACHES.

During the first centuries of the Roman Republic the Romans of all classes allowed their beards to grow freely; shaving seems to have been quite unknown. It was not until the year 300 B.C. that any thing like a razor was seen in Rome; but at that time a few Greek barbers had made their appearance in the forum; and although, like all innovators, they were at first received with derision, yet after a time they succeeded in getting customers; few at first; then more; until at last the barbers' shops in Rome became what the clubs are in London or the cafés in Paris: places of lounging and resort, where every one with nothing to do spends a few hours of his time each day. As the Romans grew richer from the spoils of conquered nations, and as they began to discard the simple life of their ancestors for a mode of living more in keeping with their wealth, many had slaves whose sole business was to shave them and cover their hair with greases. At first this task was intrusted to men, but Lucullus is said to have had women trained to the work; and, as a woman's hand is much lighter, and usually more skillful, than that of a man, the change was pronounced by connoisseurs to be for the better. By Julius Cæsar's time the beard had fallen into thorough discredit among all classes of society, slaves being the only people who still wore it. Cæsar himself was shaved with scrupulous neatness every morning; Pompey, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Augustus, were all clean shaven too; even Cato Uticensis, who had but slight respect for the fashions, would have thought it disreputable and unseemly to appear in a public place with a beard.

It was Trajan who first had the courage to shake off the barber's yoke. This king, an excellent monarch in many respects, discovered that his shaving occupied a considerable portion of each day; and, as he was the first emperor since Cæsar who really felt that he was on the throne for something more than eating and drinking, he relinquished a habit that cost him more minutes than he could afford to lose. Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, his immediate successors, followed in his wake, and allowed their beards to grow unclipped. After them, however, came Commodus; as this exemplary monarch found the time hang so heavily upon his hands that he was obliged to kill flies of an afternoon, it was not likely that he would discard the precious means afforded him by shaving of making half-hours go by; barbers had a new time of it; and thenceforth continued to have the Roman emperors for patrons until Edoard overturned Romulus-Augustulus, the last imperator, and inaugurated the kingdom of Italy, and with it the reign of mustaches.

In the reign of Oswie, the last of the Bretwaldas, who flourished toward the end of the eleventh century, a fierce contest arose between the See of Rome and the Catholic Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to how the priests should shave their heads and faces, or whether they should shave them at all. The British priests held that shaving was superfluous. The Pope, however, maintained that the use of razors was indispensable to salvation. The strife waxed warm; but, as things seemed likely to go too far, Oswie, who feared interdict and excommunication, convoked a meeting of ecclesiastics at Whitby, and there decreed: first, that priests should shave all but a thin crown of hair off their heads; secondly, that they should wear neither beard nor whiskers nor mustaches, upon pain of public penance. This was peremptory, and the English priests gave in.

Strangely enough, the beard, which had seemed a heresy to the Church of Rome in the time of Oswie, had come into favor again with the Catholic priesthood by the middle of the ninth century; bishops and priests allowed their hair to grow on their faces, and were even rather lax in shaving the crowns of their heads. This scandalized the Greek Church, the ministers of which made a diligent use of razors; and the dispute upon this subject grew as fierce as it had been two centuries before between Rome and England. On this occasion, however, the Papal See argued that, as all the Apostles, and notably St. Peter, had worn beards, it was the duty of their successors to imitate them. This failed to convince the Greeks; and, in the famous edict of excommunication which the Patriarch Photius launched against Pope Nicholas in 856, it was alleged as a *major* grievance that the Latin priests refused to shave, and were consequently unworthy of entering into communion with their brethren of the Eastern Church. Philosophers of the Democritus school will smile when they remember that opinions on this mighty point have see-sawed again since that time; nowadays the Greek priests wear beards, and the Romish shave!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it is plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

APOSTROPHE TO AN OYSTER.

Delicious bivalve, let me pause
Ere I engulf thee in my jaws;
And let the muses aid my verse
While thy just praises I rehearse.
Blest is the man, who'er he be,
Whom friend invites to swallow thee.
In every form thou tastest well,
Fried, roasted, stewed, or on the shell.
Thou art, oh playmate of the shad!
A very type of iron-clad.
Virginia's shore no treasure owns,
Not even sable Brudder Bones,
To equal thee, oh oyster mine!
As thou reposest in the brine.
The daring wight whose lucky lip
Thy luscious flavor first did sip,
Deserves from us a tribute rare
For bringing thee to light and air.

A saloon-keeper of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action of defamation against a fellow-townsman. "The scoundrel," said he, fiercely, "has robbed me of my character!" "Ah, has he? Are you sure of that fact?" replied the green-sachel gentleman, quickly, and in a sarcastic tone. "If so, for Heaven's sake let him go; for it is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you!" The fellow sneaked out of the office like a puppy when a foot is raised against him.

Jessie Williams had been doing something which her mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained; that's the way she got found out. Mrs. Williams said, "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But, mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" "I did say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' and he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant-bushes!"

An anatomical observer asserted a few days since that there were 489,981 feathers on the wings of a butterfly. "I don't believe it," said one of his hearers. "Then count them for yourself," was the reply.

A gentleman who was very zealous on the subject of horses, but not according to knowledge, bought a mare at auction, and rode her home. "Well, Cæsar," said he to his sable coachman, "what do you think of her? She cost me five hundred dollars." "Dunno, massa." "Yes, but what do you think?" "Well, massa, it makes me tink of what the preacher said yesterday—something about 'his money is soon parted.' I disremember the fust part!"

The other day Molecule propounded the following to Atom: "A boy said to a gentleman, 'My father and mother have a daughter, but she is not my sister.' Now how do you explain that?" Atom reflected, but all in vain. To his every suggestion Molecule replied by a mild but decided negative. At length Atom was forced to give it up. "Why, it's simple enough," said Molecule, with an exasperating smile; "the boy lied!"

A man, being awakened by the captain of a passenger boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, considerately replied, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em; they're an old pair."

Maxim for the Salad Season—Two heads are better than one.

The denizen of a house on West Lake Street, in Chicago, advertises "a hornen for sail," which doubtless means that he is willing to dispose of an awning.

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh, moche de sem," said he; "she is no better, and I am 'fraid ver little waas. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so moche unsettel. Ven she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

A sick man was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of catnip tea. "Then I must die," said he, "for I don't hold but a pint."

"Waiter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a ball one evening, as he was going home. "What kind of a hat is it, Sir?" "A brand new one—I bought it this morning." "Well, Sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have been gone for two hours."

'Tis ever sew, as the seamstress said.

Pleading at the Bar—Begging for a drink.

Love has been defined as an insane desire to maintain somebody else's daughter.

A stout, jolly-looking mendicant recently entered a shop in Dublin, and asked the owner for charity. He shook his head, and said, "I am not able to give you any thing." The woman, in quite a cheerful tone, promptly replied, "Thank you, Sir; and may you long be in the same position!"

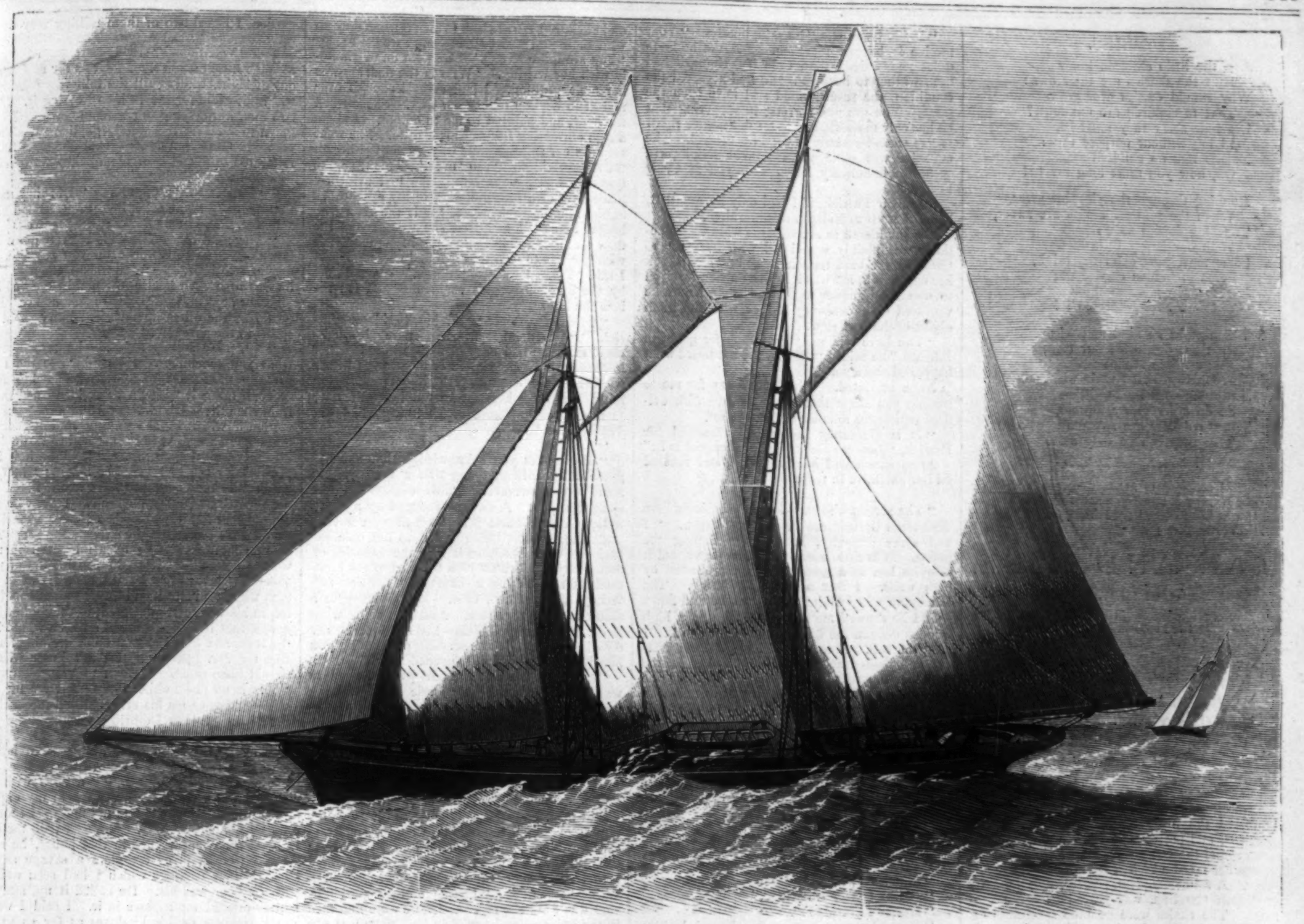
The Union Pacific—A quiet marriage.

A Pennsylvania editor rejects an advertisement sent him by an Indiana lawyer on the condition that he should take his pay in divorces, saying, however, that he does so because he is a bachelor, and the proposition is "scandalously premature."

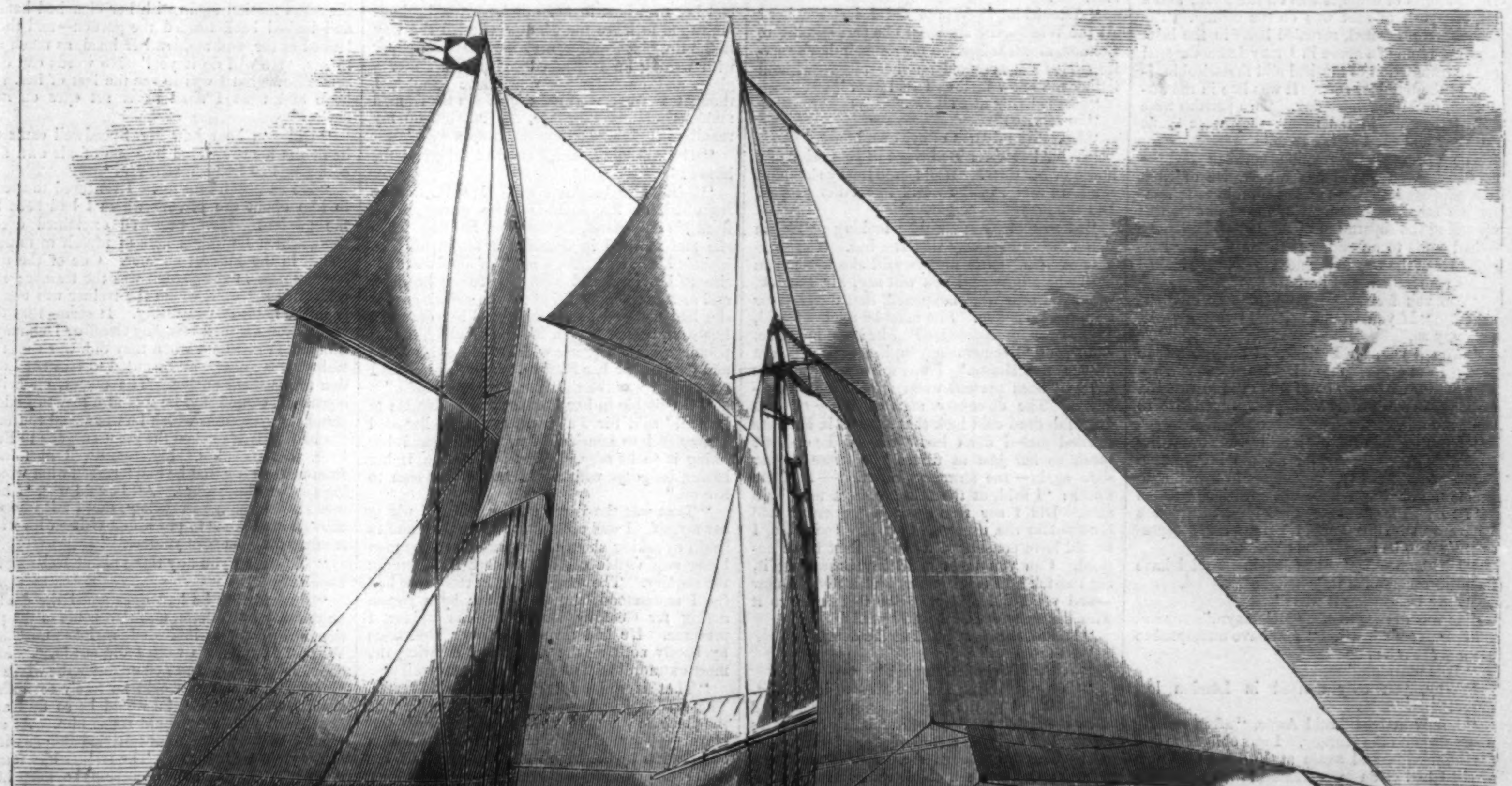
What is stronger in death than life?—An old yellow-legged hen.

In a little town out West a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars; father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that!"

KING DEATH'S DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.
BACCHUS TAKES THE FIRST PREMIUM.



THE ENGLISH YACHT "CAMBRIA."



THE AMERICAN YACHT "SAPPHO."—[From a Sketch by C. R. Parsons.]

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—[See Page 350.]

DAISIES.

All the little children know
  That the daisies are their own:
Why should daisies ever grow
  That to children are unknown?
Oh, how sorry they must be,
  Living without purpose thus:
Daisies that no children see,
  Oh, how you must long for us!

Running through the pleasant grass,
  When the summer scents are sweet,
Touching daisies as we pass
  With our happy little feet.
Some may grow upon the brink,
  Some in hidden crevice fit;
Let no daisy-blossom think
  That we have neglected it!

We must be so kind and wise
  To these daisies of our own,
Giving sensible replies
  When they make their wishes known.
Butter-cups belong to all,
  So do other pretty flowers,
But the daisies are so small
  That they can be only ours.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TWELFTH SCENE.—DRURY LANE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

THE LETTER AND THE LAW.

The many-toned murmur of the current of London life—flowing through the murky channel of Drury Lane—found its muffled way from the front room to the back. Piles of old music lumbered the dusty floor. Stage masks and weapons, and portraits of singers and dancers, hung round the walls. An empty violin case in one corner faced a broken bust of Rossini in another. A frameless print, representing the Trial of Queen Caroline, was pasted over the fire-place. The chairs were genuine specimens of ancient carving in oak. The table was an equally excellent example of dirty modern deal. A small morsel of drugget was on the floor; and a large deposit of soot was on the ceiling. The scene thus presented, revealed itself in the back drawing-room of a house in Drury Lane, devoted to the transaction of musical and theatrical business of the humbler sort. It was late in the afternoon, on Michaelmas-day. Two persons were seated together in the room: they were Anne Silvester and Sir Patrick Lundie.

The opening conversation between them—comprising, on one side, the narrative of what had happened at Perth and at Swanhaven; and, on the other, a statement of the circumstances attending the separation of Arnold and Blanche—had come to an end. It rested with Sir Patrick to lead the way to the next topic. He looked at his companion, and hesitated.

"Do you feel strong enough to go on?" he asked. "If you would prefer to rest a little, pray say so."

"Thank you, Sir Patrick. I am more than ready, I am eager, to go on. No words can say how anxious I feel to be of some use to you, if I can. It rests entirely with your experience to show me how."

"I can only do that, Miss Silvester, by asking you without ceremony for all the information that I want. Had you any object in traveling to London, which you have not mentioned to me yet? I mean, of course, any object with which I have a claim (as Arnold Brinkworth's representative) to be acquainted?"

"I had an object, Sir Patrick. And I have failed to accomplish it."

"May I ask what it was?"

"It was to see Geoffrey Delamayn."

Sir Patrick started. "You have attempted to see *him!* When?"

"This morning."

"Why, you only arrived in London last night!"

"I only arrived," said Anne, "after waiting many days on the journey. I was obliged to rest at Edinburgh, and again at York—and I was afraid I had given Mrs. Glenarm time enough to get to Geoffrey Delamayn before me."

"Afraid?" repeated Sir Patrick. "I understood that you had no serious intention of disputing the scoundrel with Mrs. Glenarm. What motive could possibly have taken you *his way?*"

"The same motive which took me to Swanhaven."

"What! the idea that it rested with Delamayn to set things right? and that you might bribe him to do it, by consenting to release him, so far as your claims were concerned?"

"Bear with my folly, Sir Patrick, as patiently as you can! I am always alone now; and I get into a habit of brooding over things. I have been brooding over the position in which my misfortunes have placed Mr. Brinkworth. I have been obstinate—unreasonably obstinate—in believing that I could prevail with Geoffrey Delamayn, after I had failed with Mrs. Glenarm. I am obstinate about it still. If he would only have heard me, my madness in going to Fulham might have had its excuse." She sighed bitterly, and said no more.

Sir Patrick took her hand.

"It *has* its excuse," he said, kindly. "Your motive is beyond reproach. Let me add—to quiet your mind—that, even if Delamayn had been willing to hear you, and had accepted the condition, the result would still have been the same. You are quite wrong in supposing that he has only to speak, and to set this matter right. It has passed entirely beyond his control. The mischief was done when Arnold Brinkworth spent those unlucky hours with you at Craig Fernie."

"Oh, Sir Patrick, if I had only known that, before I went to Fulham this morning!"

She shuddered as she said the words. Something was plainly associated with her visit to Geoffrey, the bare remembrance of which shook her nerves. What was it? Sir Patrick resolved to obtain an answer to that question, before he ventured on proceeding further with the main object of the interview.

"You have told me your reason for going to Fulham," he said. "But I have not heard what happened there yet."

Anne hesitated. "Is it necessary for me to trouble you about that?" she asked—with evident reluctance to enter on the subject.

"It is absolutely necessary," answered Sir Patrick, "because Delamayn is concerned in it."

Anne summoned her resolution, and entered on her narrative in these words:

"The person who carries on the business here discovered the address for me," she began. "I had some difficulty, however, in finding the house. It is little more than a cottage; and it is quite lost in a great garden, surrounded by high walls. I saw a carriage waiting. The coachman was walking his horses up and down—and he showed me the door. It was a high wooden door in the wall, with a grating in it. I rang the bell. A servant-girl opened the grating, and looked at me. She refused to let me in. Her mistress had ordered her to close the door on all strangers—especially strangers who were women. I contrived to pass some money to her through the grating, and asked to speak to her mistress. After waiting some time, I saw another face behind the bars—and it struck me that I recognized it. I suppose I was nervous. It startled me. I said, 'I think we know each other.' There was no answer. The door was suddenly opened—and who do you think stood before me?"

"Was it somebody I know?"

"Yes."

"Man? or woman?"

"It was Hester Dethridge."

"Hester Dethridge!"

"Yes. Dressed just as usual, and looking just as usual—with her slate hanging at her side."

"Astonishing! Where did I last see her? At the Windygates station, to be sure—going to London, after she had left my sister-in-law's service. Has she accepted another place—without letting me know first, as I told her?"

"She is living at Fulham."

"In service?"

"No. As mistress of her own house."

"What! Hester Dethridge in possession of a house of her own? Well! well! why shouldn't she have a rise in the world like other people? Did she let you in?"

"She stood for some time looking at me, in that dull strange way that she has. The servants at Windygates always said she was not in her right mind—and you will say, Sir Patrick, when you hear what happened, that the servants were not mistaken. She must be mad. I said, 'Don't you remember me?' She lifted her slate, and wrote, 'I remember you, in a dead swoon at Windygates House.' I was quite unaware that she had been present when I fainted in the library. The discovery startled me—or that dreadful, dead-cold look that she has in her eyes startled me—I don't know which. I couldn't speak to her just at first. She wrote on her slate again—the strangest question—in these words: 'I said, at the time, brought to it by a man. Did I say true?' If the question had been put in the usual way, by any body else, I should have considered it too insolent to be noticed. Can you understand my answering it, Sir Patrick? I can't understand it myself, now—and yet I did answer. She forced me to it with her stony eyes. I said 'yes.'"

"Did all this take place at the door?"

"At the door."

"When did she let you in?"

"The next thing she did was to let me in. She took me by the arm, in a rough way, and drew me inside the door, and shut it. My nerves are broken; my courage is gone. I crept with cold when she touched me. She dropped my arm. I stood like a child, waiting for what it pleased her to say or do next. She rested her two hands on her sides, and took a long look at me. She made a horrid dumb sound—not as if she was angry; more, if such a thing could be, as if she was satisfied—pleased even, I should have said, if it had been any body but Hester Dethridge. Do you understand it?"

"Not yet. Let me get nearer to understanding it by asking something before you go on. Did she show any attachment to you, when you were both at Windygates?"

"Not the least. She appeared to be incapable of attachment to me, or to any body."

"Did she write any more questions on her slate?"

"Yes. She wrote another question under what she had written just before. Her mind was still running on my fainting fit, and on the 'man' who had 'brought me to it.' She held up the slate; and the words were these: 'Tell me how he served you; did he knock you down?' Most people would have laughed at the question. *I* was startled by it. I told her, No. She shook her head as if she didn't believe me. She wrote on her slate, 'We are loth to own it when they up with their fists and beat us—ain't we?' I said, 'You are quite wrong.' She went on obstinately with her writing. 'Who is the man?'—was her next question. I had control enough over myself to decline telling her that. She opened the door, and pointed to me to go out. I made a sign entreating her to wait a little. She went back, in her impenetrable way, to the writing on the slate—still about the 'man.' This time, the question was plainer still. She had evidently placed her own interpretation of my appearance at the house. She wrote, 'Is it the man who lodges here?' I saw that she would close the door on me if I didn't answer. My only chance with her was to own that she had guessed right. I said 'Yes. I want to see him.' She took me by the arm, as roughly as before—and led me into the house."

"I begin to understand her," said Sir Patrick. "I remember hearing, in my brother's time, that she had been brutally ill-used by her husband. The association of ideas, even in *her* confused brain, becomes plain, if you bear that in mind. What is her last remembrance of you? It is the remembrance of a fainting woman at Windygates."

"Yes."

"She makes you acknowledge that she has guessed right, in guessing that a man was, in some way, answerable for the condition in which she found you. A swoon produced by a shock inflicted on the mind, is a swoon that she doesn't understand. She looks back into her own experience, and associates it with the exercise of actual physical brutality on the part of the man. And she sees, in you, a reflection of her own sufferings and her own case. It's curious—to a student of human nature. And it explains, what is otherwise unintelligible—her overlooking her own instructions to the servant, and letting you into the house. What happened next?"

"She took me into a room, which I suppose was her own room. She made signs, offering me tea. It was done in the strangest way—without the least appearance of kindness. After what you have just said to me, I think I can in some degree interpret what was going on in her mind. I believe she felt a hard-hearted interest in seeing a woman whom she supposed to be as unfortunate as she had once been herself. I declined taking any tea, and tried to return to the subject of what I wanted in the house. She paid no heed to me. She pointed round the room; and then took me to a window, and pointed round the garden—and then made a sign indicating herself. 'My house; and my garden'—that was what she meant. There were four men in the garden—and Geoffrey Delamayn was one of them. I made another attempt to tell her that I wanted to speak to him. But, no! She had her own idea in her mind. After beckoning to me to leave the window, she led the way to the fire-place, and showed me a sheet of paper with writing on it, framed and placed under a glass, and hung on the wall. She seemed, I thought, to feel some kind of pride in her framed manuscript. At any rate, she insisted on my reading it. It was an extract from a will."

"The will under which she had inherited the house?"

"Yes. Her brother's will. It said, that he regretted, on his death-bed, his estrangement from his only sister, dating from the time when she had married in defiance of his wishes and against his advice. As a proof of his sincere desire to be reconciled with her, before he died, and as some compensation for the sufferings that she had endured at the hands of her deceased husband, he left her an income of two hundred pounds a year, together with the use of his house and garden, for her lifetime. That, as well as I remember, was the substance of what it said."

"Creditable to her brother, and creditable to herself," said Sir Patrick. "Taking her odd character into consideration, I understand her liking it to be seen. What puzzles me, is her letting lodgings with an income of her own to live on."

"That was the very question which I put to her myself. I was obliged to be cautious, and to begin by asking about the lodgers first—the men being still visible out in the garden, to excuse the inquiry. The rooms to let in the house had (as I understood her) been taken by a person acting for Geoffrey Delamayn—his trainer, I presume. He had surprised Hester Dethridge by barely noticing the house, and showing the most extraordinary interest in the garden."

"That is quite intelligible, Miss Silvester. The garden you have described would be just the place he wanted for the exercises of his employer—plenty of space, and well secured from observation by the high walls all round. What next?"

"Next, I got to the question of why she should let her house in lodgings at all. When I asked her that, her face turned harder than ever. She answered me on her slate in these dismal words: 'I have not got a friend in the world. I dare not live alone.' There was her reason! Dreary and dreadful, Sir Patrick, was it not?"

"Dreary indeed! How did it end? Did you get into the garden?"

"Yes—at the second attempt. She seemed suddenly to change her mind; she opened the door for me herself. Passing the window of the room in which I had left her, I looked back. She had taken her place, at a table before the window, apparently watching for what might happen. There was something about her, as her eyes met mine (I can't say what), which made me feel uneasy at the time. Adopting your view, I am almost inclined to think now, horrid as the idea is, that she had the expectation of seeing me treated as *she* had been treated in former days. It was actually a relief to me—though I knew I was going to run a serious risk—to lose sight of her. As I got nearer to the men in the garden, I heard two of them talking very earnestly to Geoffrey Delamayn. The fourth person, an elderly gentleman, stood apart from the rest at some little distance. I kept as far as I could out of sight, waiting till the talk was over. It was impossible for me to help hearing it. The two men were trying to persuade Geoffrey Delamayn to speak to the elderly gentleman. They pointed to him as a famous medical man. They reiterated over and over again, that his opinion was well worth having—"

Sir Patrick interrupted her. "Did they mention his name?" he asked.

"Yes. They called him Mr. Speedwell."

"The man himself! This is even more interesting, Miss Silvester, than you suppose. I myself heard Mr. Speedwell warn Delamayn that he was in broken health, when we were visiting together at Windygates House last month. Did he do as the other men wished him? Did he speak to the surgeon?"

"No. He sulkily refused—he remembered what you remember. He said, 'See the man who told me I was broken down?—not I!' After confirming it with an oath, he turned away from the others. Unfortunately, he took the direction in which I was standing, and discovered me. The bare sight of me seemed to throw him instantly into a state of frenzy. He—it is impossible for me to repeat the language that he used: it is bad enough to have heard it. I believe, Sir Patrick, but for the two men, who ran up and laid hold of him, that Hester Dethridge would have seen what she expected to see. The change in him was so frightful—even to me, well as I thought I knew him in his fits of passion—I tremble when I think of it. One of the men who had restrained him was almost as brutal, in his way. He declared, in the foulest language, that if Delamayn had a fit, he would lose the race, and that I should be answerable for it. But for Mr. Speedwell, I don't know what I should have done. He came forward directly. 'This is no place either for you, or for me,' he said—and gave me his arm, and led me back to the house. Hester Dethridge met us in the passage, and lifted her hand to stop me. Mr. Speedwell asked her what she wanted. She looked at me, and then looked toward the garden, and made the motion of striking a blow with her clenched fist. For the first time in my experience of her—I hope it was my fancy—I thought I saw her smile. Mr. Speedwell took me out. 'They are well matched in that house,' he said. 'The woman is as complete a savage as the men.' The carriage which I had seen waiting at the door was his. He called it up, and politely offered me a place in it. I said I would only trespass on his kindness as far as to the railway station. While we were talking, Hester Dethridge followed us to the door. She made the same motion again with her clenched hand, and looked back toward the garden—and then looked at me, and nodded her head, as much as to say, 'He will do it yet!' No words can describe how glad I was to see the last of her. I hope and trust I shall never set eyes on her again!"

"Did you hear how Mr. Speedwell came to be at the house? Had he gone of his own accord? or had he been sent for?"

"He had been sent for. I ventured to speak to him about the persons whom I had seen in the garden. Mr. Speedwell explained every thing which I was not able of myself to understand, in the kindest manner. One of the two strange men in the garden was the trainer; the other was a doctor, whom the trainer was usually in the habit of consulting. It seems that the real reason for their bringing Geoffrey Delamayn away from Scotland when they did, was that the trainer was uneasy, and wanted to be near London for medical advice. The doctor, on being consulted, owned that he was at a loss to understand the symptoms which he was asked to treat. He had himself fetched the great surgeon to Fulham, that morning. Mr. Speedwell abstained from mentioning that he had foreseen what would happen, at Windygates. All he said was, 'I had met Mr. Delamayn in society, and I felt interest enough in the case to pay him a visit—with what result, you have seen yourself.'"

"Did he tell you any thing about Delamayn's health?"

"He said that he had questioned the doctor on the way to Fulham, and that some of the patient's symptoms indicated serious mischief. What the symptoms were I did not hear. Mr. Speedwell only spoke of changes for the worse in him which a woman would be likely to understand. At one time, he would be so dull and heedless that nothing could rouse him. At another, he flew into the most terrible passions without any apparent cause. The trainer had found it almost impossible (in Scotland) to keep him to the right diet; and the doctor had only sanctioned taking the house at Fulham, after being first satisfied, not only of the convenience of the garden, but also that Hester Dethridge could be thoroughly trusted as a cook. With her help, they had placed him on an entirely new diet. But they had found an unexpected difficulty even in doing that. When the trainer took him to the new lodgings, it turned out that he had seen Hester Dethridge at Windygates, and had taken the strongest prejudice against her. On seeing her again at Fulham, he appeared to be absolutely terrified."

"Terrified? Why?"

"Nobody knows why. The trainer and the doctor together could only prevent his leaving the house, by threatening to throw up the responsibility of preparing him for the race, unless he instantly controlled himself, and behaved like a man instead of a child. Since that time, he has become reconciled, little by little, to his new abode—partly through Hester Dethridge's caution in keeping herself always out of his way; and partly through his own appreciation of the

change in his diet, which Hester's skill in cookery has enabled the doctor to make. Mr. Speedwell mentioned some things which I have forgotten. I can only repeat, Sir Patrick, the result at which he has arrived in his own mind. Coming from a man of his authority, the opinion seems to me to be startling in the last degree. If Geoffrey Delamayn runs in the race on Thursday next, he will do it at the risk of his life."

"At the risk of dying on the ground?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick's face became thoughtful. He waited a little before he spoke again.

"We have not wasted our time," he said, "in dwelling on what happened during your visit to Fulham. The possibility of this man's death suggests to my mind serious matter for consideration. It is very desirable, in the interests of my niece and her husband, that I should be able to foresee, if I can, how a fatal result of the race might affect the inquiry which is to be held on Saturday next. I believe you may be able to help me in this."

"You have only to tell me how, Sir Patrick."

"I may count on your being present on Saturday?"

"Certainly."

"You thoroughly understand that, in meeting Blanche, you will meet a person estranged from you, for the present—a friend and sister who has ceased (under Lady Lundie's influence mainly) to feel as a friend and sister toward you now?"

"I was not quite unprepared, Sir Patrick, to hear that Blanche had misjudged me. When I wrote my letter to Mr. Brinkworth, I warned him as delicately as I could, that his wife's jealousy might be very easily roused. You may rely on my self-restraint, no matter how hardly it may be tried. Nothing that Blanche can say or do will alter my grateful remembrance of the past. While I live, I love her. Let that assurance quiet any little anxiety that you may have felt as to my conduct—and tell me how I can serve those interests which I have at heart as well as you."

"You can serve them, Miss Silvester, in this way. You can make me acquainted with the position in which you stood toward Delamayn at the time when you went to the Craig Fernie inn."

"Put any questions to me that you think right, Sir Patrick."

"You mean that?"

"I mean it."

"I will begin by recalling something which you have already told me. Delamayn has promised you marriage—"

"Over and over again!"

"In words?"

"Yes."

"In writing?"

"Yes."

"Do you see what I am coming to?"

"Hardly yet."

"You referred, when we first met in this room, to a letter which you recovered from Bishopriggs, at Perth. I have ascertained from Arnold Brinkworth that the sheet of note-paper stolen from you contained two letters. One was written by you to Delamayn—the other was written by Delamayn to you. The substance of this last Arnold remembered. Your letter he had not read. It is of the utmost importance, Miss Silvester, to let me see that correspondence before we part to-day."

Anne made no answer. She sat with her clasped hands on her lap. Her eyes looked uneasily away from Sir Patrick's face, for the first time.

"Will it not be enough," she asked, after an interval, "if I tell you the substance of my letter, without showing it?"

"It will *not* be enough," returned Sir Patrick, in the plainest manner. "I hinted—if you remember—at the propriety of my seeing the letter, when you first mentioned it; and I observed that you purposely abstained from understanding me. I am grieved to put you, on this occasion, to a painful test. But if you *are* to help me at this serious crisis, I have shown you the way."

Anne rose from her chair, and answered by putting the letter into Sir Patrick's hands. "Remember what he has done, since I wrote that," she said. "And try to excuse me, if I own that I am ashamed to show it to you now."

With those words she walked aside to the window. She stood there, with her hand pressed on her breast, looking out absently on the murky London view of house-roof and chimney, while Sir Patrick opened the letter.

It is necessary to the right appreciation of events, that other eyes besides Sir Patrick's should follow the brief course of the correspondence in this place.

1. *From Anne Silvester to Geoffrey Delamayn.*

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *August* 12, 1868.

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN,—I have waited in the hope that you would ride over from your brother's place, and see me—and I have waited in vain. Your conduct to me is cruelty itself; I will bear it no longer. Consider! in your own interests, consider—before you drive the miserable woman who has trusted you to despair. You have promised me marriage by all that is sacred. I claim your promise. I insist on nothing less than to be what you vowed I should be—what I have waited all this weary time to be—what I *am*, in the sight of Heaven, your wedded wife. Lady Lundie gives a lawn-party here on the 14th. I know you have been asked. I expect you to accept her invitation. If I don't see you, I won't answer for what may happen. My mind is made up to endure this suspense no longer. Oh, Geoffrey, remember the past! Be faithful—be just—to your loving wife,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

2. *From Geoffrey Delamayn to Anne Silvester.*

"DEAR ANNE,—Just called to London to my father. They have telegraphed him in a bad way. Stop where you are, and I will write you. Trust the bearer. Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise. Your loving husband that is to be,

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN.

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *Augt.* 14, 4 P.M.

"In a mortal hurry. The train starts 4.30."

Sir Patrick read the correspondence with breathless attention to the end. At the last lines of the last letter he did what he had not done for twenty years past—he sprang to his feet at a bound, and he crossed a room without the help of his ivory cane.

Anne started; and turning round from the window, looked at him in silent surprise. He was under the influence of strong emotion; his face, his voice, his manner, all showed it.

"How long had you been in Scotland, when you wrote this?" He pointed to Anne's letter as he asked the question, putting it so eagerly that he stammered over the first words. "More than three weeks?" he added, with his bright black eyes fixed in absorbing interest on her face.

"Yes."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am certain of it."

"You can refer to persons who have seen you?"

"Easily."

He turned the sheet of note-paper, and pointed to Geoffrey's penciled letter on the fourth page.

"How long had *he* been in Scotland, when *he* wrote this? More than three weeks, too?"

Anne considered for a moment.

"For God's sake, be careful!" said Sir Patrick. "You don't know what depends on this. If your memory is not clear about it, say so."

"My memory was confused for a moment. It is clear again now. He had been at his brother's in Perthshire three weeks before he wrote that. And before he went to Swanhaven, he spent three or four days in the valley of the Esk."

"Are you sure again?"

"Quite sure!"

"Do you know of any one who saw him in the valley of the Esk?"

"I know of a person who took a note to him, from me."

"A person easily found?"

"Quite easily."

Sir Patrick laid aside the letter, and seized in ungovernable agitation on both her hands.

"Listen to me," he said. "The whole conspiracy against Arnold Brinkworth and you falls to the ground before that correspondence. When you and he met at the inn—"

He paused, and looked at her. Her hands were beginning to tremble in his.

"When you and Arnold Brinkworth met at the inn," he resumed, "the law of Scotland had made you a married woman. On the day, and at the hour, when he wrote those lines at the back of your letter to him, you were *Geoffrey Delamayn's wedded wife!*"

He stopped, and looked at her again.

Without a word in reply, without the slightest movement in her from head to foot, she looked back at him. The blank stillness of horror was in her face. The deadly cold of horror was in her hands.

In silence, on his side, Sir Patrick drew back a step, with a faint reflection of *her* dismay in his face. Married—to the villain who had not hesitated to calumniate the woman whom he had ruined, and then to cast her helpless on the world. Married—to the traitor who had not shrunk from betraying Arnold's trust in him, and desolating Arnold's home. Married—to the ruffian who would have struck her that morning, if the hands of his own friends had not held him back. And Sir Patrick had never thought of it! Absorbed in the one idea of Blanche's future, he had never thought of it, till that horror-stricken face looked at him, and said, Think of *my* future, too!

He came back to her. He took her cold hand once more in his.

"Forgive me," he said, "for thinking first of Blanche."

Blanche's name seemed to rouse her. The life came back to her face; the tender brightness began to shine again in her eyes. He saw that he might venture to speak more plainly still: he went on.

"I see the dreadful sacrifice as *you* see it. I ask myself, have I any right, has Blanche any right—"

She stopped him by a faint pressure of his hand.

"Yes," she said, softly, "if Blanche's happiness depends on it."

DREAMS.

IT is a remarkable characteristic of the state of dreaming, that the mind often assimilates in the train of ideas it is pursuing any chance sound that may strike upon the ear. The slamming of a door, for instance, is changed into the discharge of a gun, and the current of the dream is, no doubt, often changed by these interruptions. The bodily movements, again, which take place in sleep set the mind upon a new course of adventure, and possibly these extraneous sights and sounds are accountable for many of the sudden distractions which we all experience with visions we have in the night. This power of weaving fact into the substance of the fantastic stories we tell ourselves in the somnolent condition is a proof that the brain at such times is partially awake. Many persons who sleep in snatches have the power of continuing the thread of their dream after it has been broken by the wakeful state. In the act of dreaming many persons talk, holding imaginary conversations with individuals. Maniacs very often unconsciously give a clew to the cause of their affliction in this manner. Secrets that they kept close during the day with the reticent cunning of their class, thus leak out in the silence of the night Esquirol, we are told, utilized this fact in his own asylum by passing the night near the beds of patients whose history was unknown to him, and in this manner possessed himself of a key to their malady. That ideas occur to us in our sleep which we are not capable of in our waking state, the experience of every one proves. It is acknowledged that there is such a thing as unconscious cerebration; in other words, when we have cudgeled our brains in vain over some mental work, and are compelled to give it up in disgust, it often occurs that, on returning to the subject next morning, our ideas flow from our pen smoothly and swimmingly. This fact will account for the remarkable tales we hear of mental difficulties solved during sleep. It is related of Tartini, the famous composer, that after wearing himself ill in vainly attempting to finish a sonata, he fell asleep and dreamed of the theme that was upon his mind. In this dream the devil appeared to him, and proposed to help him in his sonata, provided he would give him his soul in return. He agreed, and the devil at once composed the sonata off-hand in the most charming manner. When he awoke, he rushed to his desk and put down the notes which still lingered in his memory, and the result was the masterly sonata which is now known by the name of the "Sonate du Diable."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE arbitrary confinement in France of three or four prominent persons as lunatics, when it is generally supposed that they are perfectly sane and intelligent, has induced Frenchmen to make the pertinent inquiry, "What is a lunatic?" The answer to this question certainly varies according to time, custom, and country. The developments of our American courts would tend to make one doubt his own sanity, and to look with suspicion upon half his neighbors. But in France it is a very common thing for men to be confined who are no madder than three-fourths of their countrymen. In accordance with the present French lunacy laws, no one can be shut up without a certificate from two physicians, one being the doctor of the asylum where the alleged insane person is to be confined. Moreover, every asylum, public and private, is subjected to an official inspection every three months. Yet it is quite certain that these regulations are not effective. Great use is made of *maisons de santé* by French parents to bring unruly children to obedience. It is easy to induce the family physician to sign a certificate that the refractory young person is suffering from excitement of the brain, and needs rest; and this power of locking up often extends to other relatives. The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that when M. Emile Ollivier has done with the *plebiscitum* and other "small matters," he should devise a humane set of lunacy laws, and see that they are faithfully executed.

A prominent citizen of Bombay, his Highness Aga Khan, has addressed a loyal letter to Queen Victoria, requesting that her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, be sent back to India as her Majesty's Viceroy. Among other arguments to support this request, the Aga asserts that if the Duke is made Governor-General a very large reduction of army expenses would be possible, and a majority of the European troops in India might be safely sent home.

At the last regular meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society, a silver medal was presented to Paul B. Du Chaillu, from the Imperial Geographical Society of Paris, in acknowledgment of his journeys and discoveries in Achango Land. The medal was presented by the Secretary of the New York society, and bears the following inscription: "*Société de Géographie, Fondé à Paris en* 1824—*à Paul du Chaillu, pour les voyages au pays des Achangos*, 1863–1864."

A new style of cheap one-story houses for laborers has been patented in London, and now they are being introduced into Berlin by the Prussian government. These houses consist of a light iron framework, connected by cross-bars, and filled in between with three layers of straw, which are sewed together. The straw before being put in is soaked in water-glass to make it fire-proof, and the layers are well pressed together, after which they are covered with a coat of asphaltum on the outside, and mortar or plaster on the inside. In the middle layer the straws lie horizontally, in the two others vertically, an arrangement which gives the wall solidity. The roof is supported by iron beams, covered with corrugated iron and asphaltum, and may be used as a garden or yard. Such a house is put together in from two to three days, is thoroughly fire-proof, and warm in winter and cool in summer. A dwelling-house with two rooms, kitchen, and its appendages, costs in London about three hundred dollars; with four rooms and the other necessary complements, less than five hundred dollars.

Among the remarkable circumstances connected with the calamity at Richmond was the experience of Professor Dews, a well-known violinist. At the moment of the disaster he was standing in an avenue leading from the Governor's house. He heard the crash of the falling timbers, and saw the clouds of dust rising from the windows, when, with terrible suddenness and by some inexplicable working of the imagination, the whole scene, as described afterward, became vividly impressed upon his mind. He knew that a horrible accident had taken place; but more than this, he could hear, he fancied, the moans of the dying and the cries of the wounded, and could see their struggles under the mass of fallen timbers. The effect upon him was to produce paralysis of the left side; his whole system was shocked as if by an electric current; the nerves vibrated and tingled till they seemed as if they must snap, so great was the tension. He is yet confined to bed, but is improving under medical attention. Professor Dews is a reliable, middle-aged gentleman, was in vigorous health, and is not of an imaginative temperament.

Lady Franklin, though now eighty years of age, is indefatigable in searching for any item regarding her husband, of whom she still hopes to hear something definite. Recently she went to Rio on her way from England to Vancouver Island, to obtain a letter regarding Sir John, which is said to be in possession of some one living there, who refuses to deliver it to any one but Lady F. in person.

"Hauteville House" is a name interesting to all readers of current literature, as from that spot on the island of Guernsey the later productions of the great Victor Hugo have emanated. Hauteville House was formerly crown property, but now, with its garden, belongs to Victor Hugo himself, he having purchased it for one thousand pounds. Externally it is an ordinary solid Guernsey-built house of three floors, and with conspicuous attics. The interior has been thoroughly metamorphosed to suit the fantastic taste of the master. An air of comfort, and even luxury, pervades the whole, and no pains have been spared to make it home-like to its owner. Victor Hugo spends most of the year at Guernsey; his habits are simple, and he is very methodical in his work. In diet he is abstemious himself, but always provides handsomely for his guests. The drawing-room into which guests are generally shown is a modern room, handsomely furnished. Adjoining this room is the bedroom of the late Madame Victor Hugo, which is regarded as a *sanctum sanctorum* by the poet. Every morning he here devotes some moments of quiet communion to thoughts of the loved ones who have passed away. In this room Madame Hugo seems to have collected every relic of her eldest daughter, Leopoldine, who was so unfortunately drowned in the Seine, with her husband, Charles Vaquerie. Perhaps one of the most touching mementoes is a colored crayon, executed by the mother herself, representing her young daughter, at the age of seven, carelessly reclining on a sofa. Another equally touching memorial is a piece of unfinished work, the needle still in it, on which Madame Vaquerie was engaged when sudden death prevented its completion.

"Adam's Wedding" is the title of an amusing article in an English journal. The writer is of the opinion that, although Adam and Eve were rather young to be married, yet on the whole they managed matters extremely well. There was no great parade about arrangements—every thing was quiet and private, and the idea of a wedding in a garden is in very good taste. Would it not be a relief to anxious mammas and harassed papas if the simplicity of early days was in some measure revived? No elaborate outfit, no expensive cake, no fashionable ceremony, no costly gifts, no reception, no bridal tour, but only love and Eden!

The recent fires which have devastated the woods and mountains of various counties in New York, New Jersey, and Delaware are the most extensive ever known in those sections. Some of these fires originated from the carelessness of those who were clearing land; others resulted from sparks from passing locomotives. It is also supposed that some of them were of incendiary origin, having probably been kindled by parties of gipsy proclivities, who live in shanties on the hill-sides. So rapid was the spread of the fires that in several instances persons and families barely escaped with their lives. Indeed, it is reported that a man, his wife, and child were hemmed in upon the rocks, and perished in the flames. The loss of property has been immense.

The following conversation was overheard between gentlemen on the Third Avenue between Yorkville and Harlem: "How's this? This street has only just been paved, and now they are taking up the pavement again." "Putting down a sewer, that's all," was the answer. "But why wasn't that done before?" pursued the gentleman. "That would have been stupid." "How stupid?" "Not half the money in it." This last response fully explains what otherwise would require several paragraphs to make it clear.

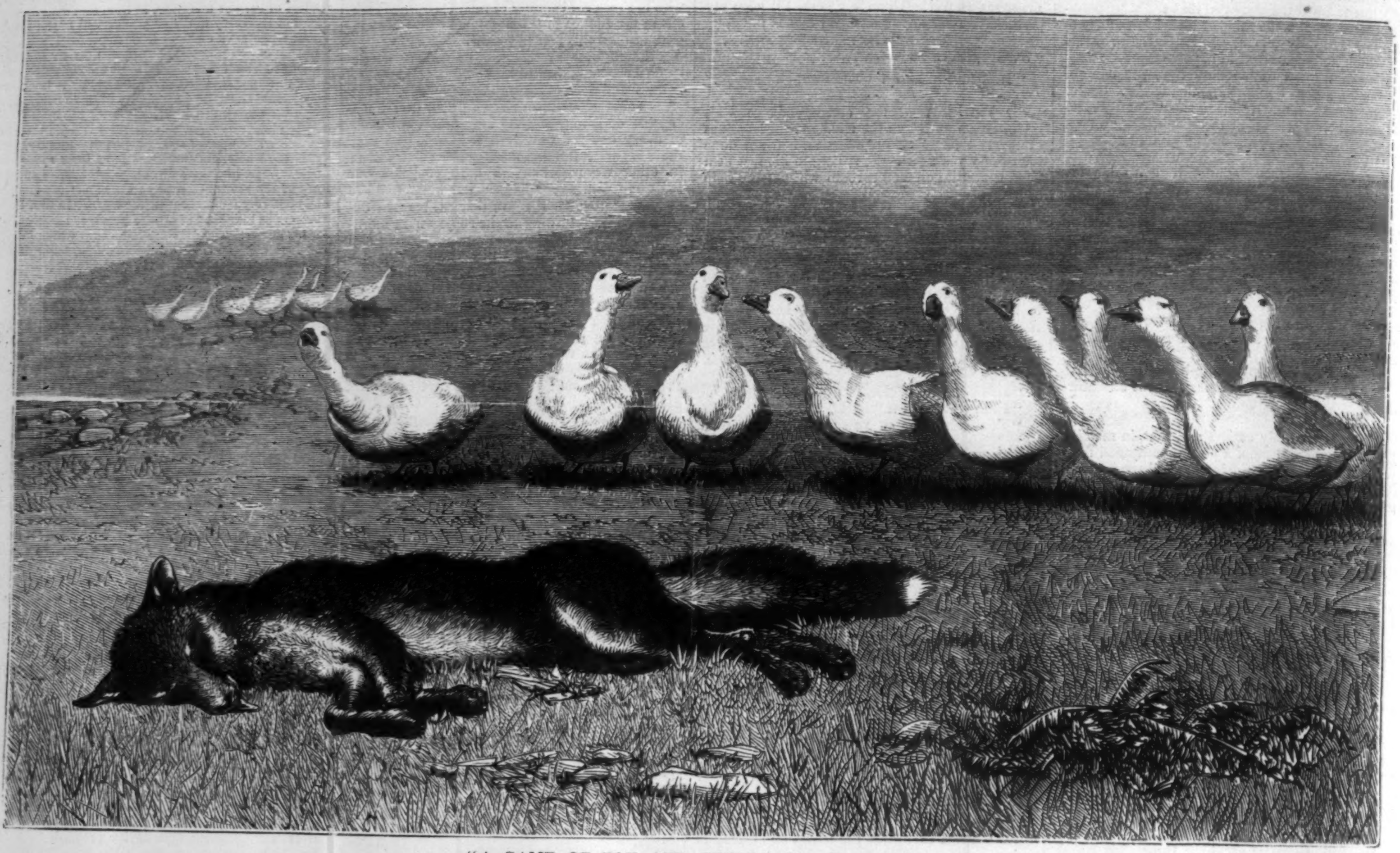
Is it generally known by drivers of carts and coaches that there is an ordinance regulating the speed with which these vehicles may be driven through the streets of this city? One would suppose that no information on this point had ever been diffused. This paragraph deserves attention: "It shall not be lawful for any cart, wagon, coach, public cart, or any other vehicle to be driven through any of the streets of the city of New York at a greater speed than six miles an hour; nor shall it be lawful for any such vehicle to be driven around the corner of any of the streets of said city with the horse or horses attached thereto traveling at a faster gait than a walk." It would be a comfort to pedestrians if a few of those racers around corners should be made to know that there is such a law.

A weak solution of phosphoric acid is said to be a strong poison for all kinds of insects, and yet to be beneficial to plants by adding to the soluble phosphates in the soil. It is predicted that it will be extensively used in agriculture.

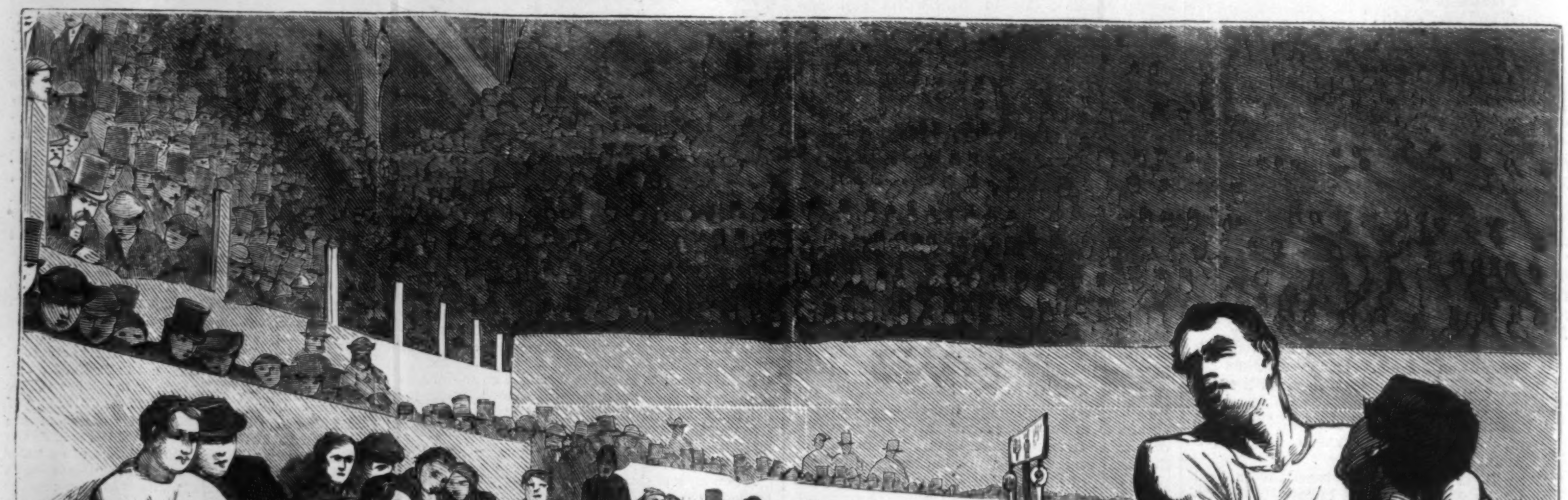
Curious "safes" some persons use. A Vermont man has informed General Spinner that for some time past he found an old stove a convenient safe for his bonds; but recently, without his knowledge, the stove was used, and, to his astonishment, the bonds were baked to a crisp. The Treasurer has notified him to forward, with the greatest care, the "baked bonds," and, if they can be identified, the government will either pay their value or issue registered bonds in their place.

Tassius, who embezzled nearly three million francs from the Rothschilds of Paris, has disclosed the way in which he was drawn into such extensive dishonesty. About ten years ago, in a moment of pecuniary difficulty, he borrowed from the funds with which he was intrusted five or six thousand francs. This he hoped to replace a little later, but he unfortunately confided the secret to a Dr. Beckers, with whom he made acquaintance at a café. Some days after the latter called on Tassius and asked him for a loan of some thousands. He at first refused, declaring that he was himself embarrassed for money. "I must have it," insisted Beckers, "or I will denounce you." "Where am I to get it?" replied Tassius. "Where you got the other, *parbleu!*" Tassius, finding himself in the other's power, advanced the sum; the loan was followed by others; and Beckers at last persuaded Tassius to gamble on the Bourse to make up the deficit. Their speculations were unsuccessful, and, the abyss becoming wider, the catastrophe at length arrived.

The emancipation of children, and the formation of liberating societies, is going on in the Brazilian provinces, and Rio Janeiro is moving in the same direction. The Grand Orient, a Masonic order of Brazil, has resolved to promote emancipation; and a short time ago the Segredo Lodge freed twenty-one children. Other children have been freed by different organizations; and between seventy and eighty ladies have formed themselves into a society for the promotion of emancipation.



"A GAME OF FOX AND GEESE."—[SEE PAGE 349.]



WRESTLING.—[SEE PAGE 349.]

A SPONGE FISHER'S HOME, NEAR THE COAST OF CUBA.

SPONGE FISHERIES, COAST OF CUBA.

MANY of the shallow reefs that lie between the northeastern shores of Cuba and the Bahamas are dotted with marine villages, which, by their singular situation and mode of construction, recall the lacustrine cities of the antique world. They are the habitations of the sponge fishers, a hardy race, genuine toilers of the sea, whose acquaintance with dry land is limited to occasional visits to the neighboring islands for the purpose of procuring fresh water and provisions and disposing of their wares. Their huts, as shown in the above illustration, are built upon pliant and rather slender poles, firmly fixed in crevices of the reef, and so bound together as to defy the fury of the tempest, while presenting but little resistance to the waves. The chief danger to be dreaded is, indeed, from the winds, as the shallow sea rarely rises into heavy waves on the broad surface of the reef.

In these huts, suspended between sea and sky, the hardy sponge fishers spend their toilsome lives. They are almost amphibious, and, indeed, appear to be much more at home in the water than on land. The huts are generally some distance apart, and the usual means of intercourse between the inhabitants is a rude kind of boat; but if no boat happens to be at hand, the sponge fisher who desires to visit a neighbor makes nothing of plunging into the water and swimming a distance of sometimes two or three miles. There is little danger from sharks, so long as the swimmer keeps in shallow water; though should he venture beyond the limits of the reef he would be instantly gobbled up.

The sponges from these reefs are mostly obtained by diving. They adhere firmly to the reef by a kind of root, and considerable force is required to tear them off. Most of the coarser kinds of sponge used in this country are obtained from these fisheries. When taken from the water they have a sickish, disagreeable odor, which soon becomes putrid and disgusting, like decomposing animal matter. They are buried in sand, kept for the purpose in the huts; and when decomposition has ceased are exposed in open wire nets to the action of the tide. When thus purified they are carried ashore for sale.

The huts shown in our illustration were sketched on a reef some distance out from the port of Nuevitas, on the northeastern coast of Cuba.

A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN CUBA.

THE tobacco plantation of which we give a view on this page is situated near the pleasant city of Trinidad, on the southern coast of Cuba, in one of the most beautiful regions of the island. From the lofty mountain range that forms the back-ground of our picture the country slopes into a gently undulating plain, well watered by the river from which the city takes its name, fertile, exceptionally salubrious, and admirably adapted to the cultivation of tobacco. Some of the finest and most productive plantations are situated in this part of the island.

"A GAME OF FOX AND GEESE."

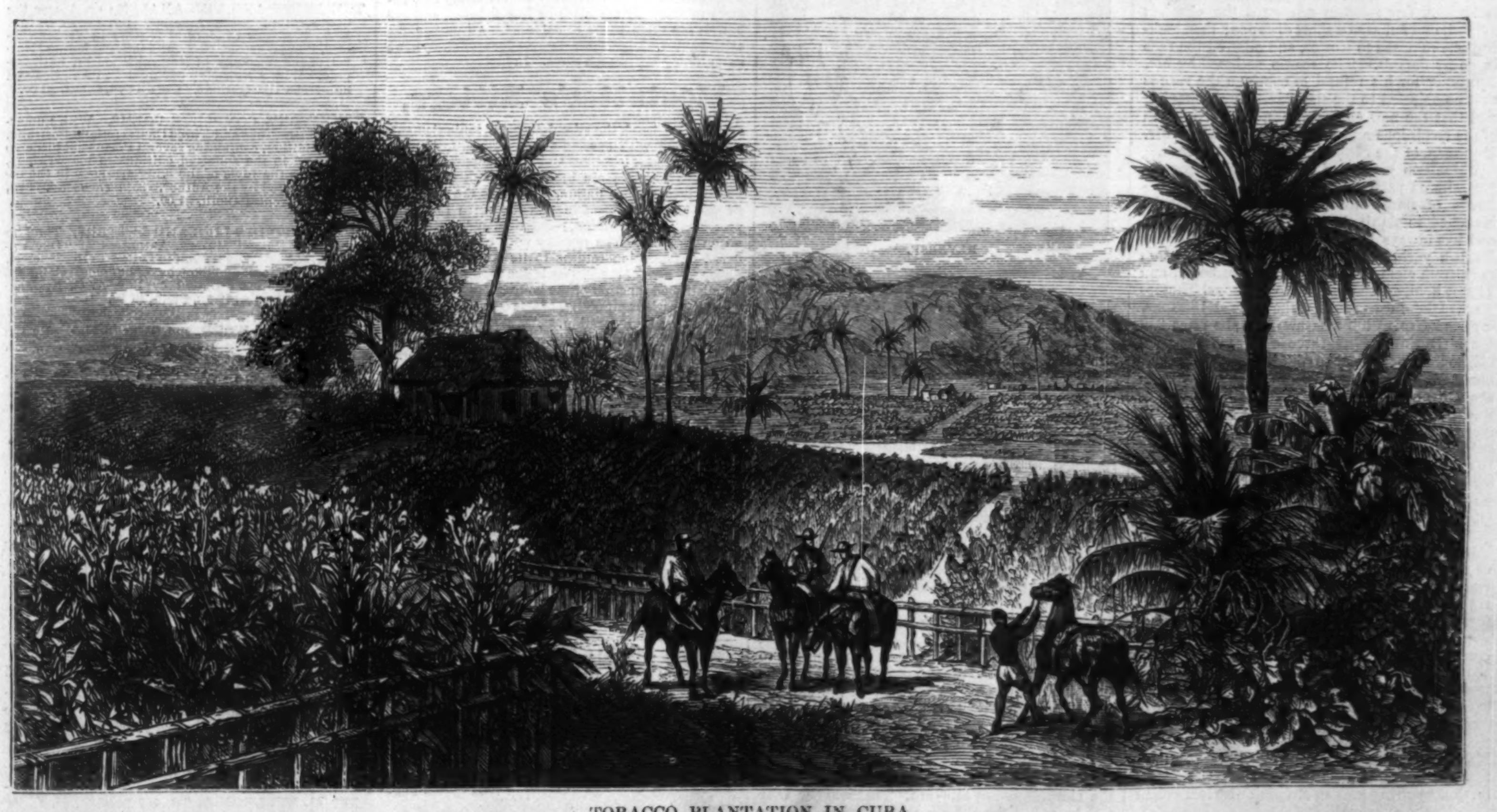
THE engraving from Mr. B. RIVIÈRE's clever drawing, which we print on page 348, might serve as an illustration to one of ÆSOP's fables. It represents nothing more than is to be credited to the cunning of the fox, and the equally proverbial foolishness of the goose. Monsieur Reynard has ventured from his hole in the cover to prowl about the open common; and, although no source of danger is discernible along the wide horizon, he is cautious, for it is daylight, and geese have wings, if no brains. The hunger which thins his flanks serves to sharpen his wits; so he stretches himself at full length, still as death, cunningly reckoning upon the curiosity of the geese to bring them within his reach.

WRESTLING.

WE give, on page 348, a picture of the interior of a London wrestling arena, from which our readers may gain some idea of a sport which is more popular in England than in any other country. Neither the French nor the Germans have the least conception of wrestling; and even in England it is conceded that the art has reached perfection only in Devon and Cornwall. We need not attempt to describe the various holds and falls which wrestlers practice. They are manifold, and must be described in technical language; and when the thing was done the reader would not be converted into a wrestler. It is a pity this famous athletic sport should not be more popular in this country. The accomplished wrestler uses every limb, every muscle indeed, and hence the superiority of the art over boxing, single-stick, and fencing.

REDUCED ROYALTY.

PERHAPS no case of royalty in reduced circumstances is so sad as that of the lion in his latter days. Frequent as are, in our times, the vicissitudes of monarchs, neither the deposed Queen of Spain at Bayonne, nor the exploded Bomba in Rome, nor, to look further back, Louis Philippe appearing suddenly in England as Mr. Smith, with a carpet-bag and cotton umbrella, is so melancholy a figure of fallen greatness as the King of the Solitudes in his old age. The first stage of his decline is marked by the inability any longer to spring on the nimble antelope, or to cope with the sturdy buffalo; and, against his better nature, the leonine Lear, still grand and imposing of aspect, but bereft of his power, is driven to watch for stray children going to the well, or old women picking sticks in the forest. It might be imagined that the sable



A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN CUBA.

philosophers of the bereaved tribe would regard this abduction of aged females as praiseworthy, or would at least consider the eating of them as a sufficient punishment for the offense. Not so, however; a lion once known as a man, woman, or child eater, is by no means encouraged, even in Africa, in the indulgence of his tastes; and what with constant interruptions, and the necessity for increased vigilance against his foes, he seldom enjoys a meal in peace. As his teeth fail and his joints stiffen, he is no longer able to capture the feeblest crone, or to masticate the tenderest virgin; and, in the "last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history," he catches mice for a subsistence, gulping them like pills, and ekes out the insufficient diet with grass. Imagine this incarnation of absolute power; this rioter in the blood of swift and powerful beasts; this emitter of the roar that causes all the hearts in the wilderness to quake, driven, in what should be a majestic old age, to pick his own salads and to turn mouser! The number of times that, with his large frame and corresponding appetite, he must perform for each scanty meal the degrading act of watching for and pouncing on a mouse, must ultimately deprave his whole character; daily he must sink lower in his own esteem; reformation and suicide are equally denied him; till, happily, the savage who comes upon his track, knowing by signs that he has been forced to graze, knows also that his feebleness is great; and finding him not far off, stretched out beneath a bush, in the sleep of exhaustion, or the torpor of self-contempt, considerately hastens with his assagai to draw a veil over the painful scene.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

THE series of three races, sixty miles to windward and return, arranged between the American yacht *Sappho* and the English yacht *Cambria*, has resulted in a victory for the former. The first race took place May 10, in the English Channel, the starting-point being about sixty miles southeast of Cowes Roads, to which point the yachts were towed by steam-tugs. The *Sappho* carried thirty-two hands and a cloud of canvas, including, with her regular fore and aft sails, a maintopmast-staysail and flying jib, while the *Cambria* set but one jib in addition to her foresail and other racing sails, and carried twenty-six hands.

The *Cambria* won the toss for position, and took the weather side. At half-past eight A.M. the signal to go was given. The *Sappho* took the lead from the start, and by the time she was off Beachy Head, about fifty miles from the starting-point, she was fully ten miles to windward of the *Cambria*. The latter, seeing it was impossible to win, returned to Cowes without rounding the umpire's steamer.

The second race was set down for Saturday, May 14. The interim was employed in making certain alterations in the *Cambria*, to enable her to compete on better terms with her antagonist. In accordance with a proposition made by Mr. ASHBURY, the owner of the *Cambria*, the distance to be sailed had been reduced from sixty to thirty miles, and the course for the second race was laid in a southwesterly direction across the Channel, starting from Cowes and terminating at the port of Cherbourg, in France. The weather was propitious, and a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the race. The yachts made a prompt appearance, and all being in readiness, the umpires gave the signal to take position. To the surprise and disappointment of all, the *Cambria* refused, and when the starting gun was fired, at a quarter to eight, the *Sappho* got under way alone. A few minutes afterward the *Cambria* started, and followed a short distance; then tacking, she returned to Cowes, and allowed the race to go by default. The reason assigned by Mr. ASHBURY for his refusal to continue the race is that he objected to the start given by the umpire, and that the new course was in direct violation of the conditions and stipulations made with Mr. DOUGLAS, of the *Sappho*, previous to the race.

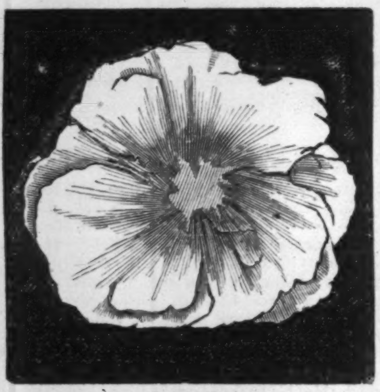
These two yachts, of which we give accurate portraits on page 345, are both admirable specimens of naval architecture. The *Cambria*, launched in April, 1868, is a beautiful model, and has always been regarded as the champion English yacht. Her dimensions are 94 feet on deck from stem to stern-post, 21 feet beam, and 11 feet hold, and, according to the Royal Thames Yacht Club measurement, she rates at 188 tons. By New York Club measurement she rates 248 tons. During the past three or four months great efforts have been made to put her in readiness for her race with the *Sappho*, and her ocean race on the 4th of July with the *Dauntless*. Her bulwarks have been raised, her scuppers enlarged, more ballast has been stowed in her hull, and her spars have been lightened by boring them. She has had a brilliant history, and has been the victor in many contests. Last August she beat the *Sappho* and, in the same race, three fast English yachts—the *Aline*, *Oimara*, and *Condor*.

The *Sappho* was built in 1867 by the Messrs. POILLON, of Brooklyn. She is a keel schooner, of 274 tons, New York Club measurement, 125 feet long, 25 feet beam, and 11 feet deep. Her rig has been somewhat changed during the winter, and the amount of sail she spreads is almost incredible. In light airs there is not an inch of space within the limits of the stays through which the sky is visible. To give her greater buoyancy under this immense spread of canvas, her width between the fore and main masts was recently increased by "hipping"—that is, by planking on the original frame-work below the water-line. Her bows are very long and fine, and her lines forward nearly straight. Her bowsprit is built in, thus securing greater strength with less weight than by the usual plan.

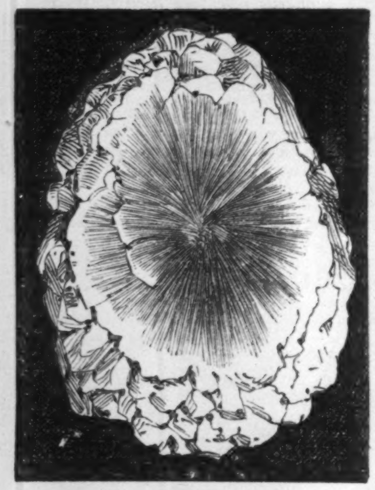
PHILADELPHIA HAILSTONES.

THE sketches below are accurate representations of the hailstones that fell during the recent severe storm in Philadelphia, showing their size and curiously crystallized character. In the obverse, the crystals start from a centre, and the whole structure resembles the broken end of a corn-cob. The reverse shows a hollow form, with the radiating crystals visible through the translucent covering of ice. These drawings were made to measurement, and are not exaggerated in size. Some of the hailstones picked up after the storm measured six inches in length, and many seven and eight inches in circumference.

OBVERSE.



REVERSE.



REVERSE.

OLD IRISH HOSPITALITY.

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"1st Rule. That no noise be made during the forenoon, for fear of wakening the company.—2nd. That there shall be no breakfast made after four o'clock in the afternoon, or tea after one in the morning.—3d. To inform any stranger who may come in at breakfast that we are not at dinner.—4th. That no person be permitted to go out airing after breakfast till the moon gets up, for fear of being overturned in the dark.—5th. That the respective grooms may put up their horses after four hours' parading before the hall-door of the castle.—6th. That there shall be one complete hour before each meal.—7th. That all the company must assemble at dinner before the cloth is removed.—8th. That supper may not be called for till five minutes after the last glass of claret.—9th. That no gentleman be permitted to drink more than three bottles of Hock at or after supper.—10th. That all members of Parliament shall assemble on post days in the coffee-room at four o'clock to frank letters."

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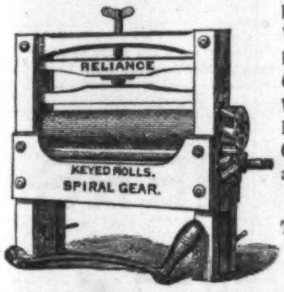

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